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My Election
by J. P. W. Mallalieu

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MacFeiffer by Vicky

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Winter Sunshine
by V. S. Pritchett
and Anthony Carson

Comments on the Week's News .. 458
Heads We Win 461
London Diary. Critic 462
This England 462
My Election. J. P. W. Mallalieu .. 463
An Oxford Manifesto. Jasper Ungoed-Thomas 463
3456 Electionaire Jones. Alun Richards 464

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

What the Public Wants. Keith Waterhouse 466
From Umbria to the Moon. John Berger 468
The Mirror and the Arena. A. Alvarez 469
Anatomy of Justice. David Sylvester .. 470
Bombs, with Love. David Drew .. 470

CORRESPONDENCE

P. B. Kershaw, E. J. Walsh, R. Windsor, Henry Pelling, Brian Thompson, A. Hallidie Smith, Harry Baecker, Charles Wintour, A. Lloyd Soran, Wallace Southam, Rev. Reginald B. Parker .. 471

WINTER SUNSHINE

Off-season Traveller. V. S. Pritchett 476
Winter Journeys. Traveller 477
Odd Places Out. Anthony Carson .. 478

Books in General:
The Finger on the Trigger. V. S. Pritchett 480
On My Mouse. Christopher Logue .. 481

REVIEWS

Old Etonian Papist. Paul Johnson .. 482
African Civilisations. P. L. Shinnie .. 482
Child's Eye View. Brian Abel-Smith .. 484
Cosmos in Pieces. E. J. Hobsbawm .. 484
Thirties Publisher. Walter Allen .. 485
New Novels. Maurice Richardson .. 486
Proust Again. Pamela Hansford Johnson 487
Privy Seals. Gavin Maxwell 487
Week-end Competitions 487
City Lights. Taurus 489

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The Peace of the Strong

A CYNICAL public, disheartened by many disappointments, has scarcely yet awakened to the possible approach of an era of world peace. The peace would not, of course, be completed at a single Summit. Indeed, Mr Macmillan's principal contribution has been to revive from the Roosevelt era the concept of regular great-power meetings to settle differences as they arise. America is now, with difficulty, beginning to accept the notion that the Soviet Union need not be regarded as an enemy, permanently poised to strike. Mr Krushchev has convinced many influential Americans that he wants, not merely peaceful co-existence, but a measure of actual collaboration. Leaping over the moon, he calls on Americans to regard Russia's technical triumph, not as a military threat, but as a challenge to scientists to co-operate in a new world adventure. Those who can break through the thought-barriers of traditional nationalism will respond to his appeal for a joint conquest of space.

Krushchev has taken other strides towards a world settlement. He has withdrawn his own threat of a deadline on Berlin; he is clearly attempting to modify the provocations of Chinese external policy; he has encouraged cultural and tourist exchanges and ended the jamming of American radio propaganda. He has proposed universal disarmament in four years. A quarter of a century ago, similar proposals were laughed to scorn in the West; today Russia, the country of the Luniks and the inter-continental ballistic missile, can make such revolutionary proposals and be listened to with respect.

One of the hurdles to be surmounted before a peace dictated by American-Russian agreement can be achieved is the fear and jealousy of the smaller states. Ernest Bevin lived and died in dread of an American-Soviet pact. The present rulers of France and West Germany would be its willing saboteurs. The policy and propaganda of China, still excluded from the UN, are geared to a doctrinaire belief in the implacable aggression of 'imperialist America'. The instinct of democrats everywhere would be to protest in the name of liberty, to call the world to witness that other countries would more easily suffer the fate of Hungary, Tibet and Algeria. But today nothing can be done to help smaller nations in revolt by foreign intervention because aid by either block would almost certainly lead to world war. It was because this truth was for the moment understood in 1945, that each of the great powers was given a veto on the Security Council. Russia and America cannot be coerced by force even in the splendid and historic cause of national freedom; they are also disabled by the very size of the weapons they now hold in rivalry from using their power to stop either repression or aggression. But together they could be all-powerful. Within the framework of their agreement the struggle for national freedom could still be sustained, but not the struggle for 'sovereignty'—which is already a dead, legalistic concept. The position of the national state under a world authority would be very like that of the individual within the national state of the past. Resolute men have won civil rights without the physical force to defeat police and soldiers; similarly, nations will successfully struggle to maintain self-government, though the decisive weapons will belong only to the great powers.

We all find ourselves then in a new situation. The facts are that the alternative to annihilation is a world authority; that the rational concept of voluntary co-operation has failed because nations would not surrender their sovereignty or pool their resources; that no single power can establish peace by conquest as Napoleon and Hitler intended; that the Communist concept of world revolution is also out of date. The one chance of world peace is that America and Russia will jointly create a world authority—which would embody world order and might later lead to world government. If these two powers decide that fighting between nations should stop, just as kings once decided to keep order within their own dominions, they have the power to enforce their decisions. All the other methods have failed. The technical and moral demands of our age make it imperative that, if Washington and Moscow can agree, the rest of us had better accept the peace they choose to impose.

Comments on the Week's News

The One Flaw

Most general elections are remembered only for the result. This one may be remembered also for the Labour manifesto, which throughout has dominated the exchanges. Indeed Mr Gaitskell has had very little to answer beyond the general Tory accusation of profligacy. This he parried effectively: assuming steady growth, the practicability of the Labour programme was beyond challenge. There is slack in the productive system, and vigorous expansion, which could easily cover the short-term burden, is thus possible. But the insistent Tory charges that the controls necessary to achieve the right sort of expansion would lead to unnecessary austerity seem to have occasioned the one serious flaw in the Labour Party's economic argument. The last budget will, during the next few months, give an appreciable lift to the underworked economy – in the wrong direction. Expansion may again produce a boom such as that of 1955, but productive investment will still be tightly inhibited – it is, indeed, still falling and the Tory government's relaxation of monetary restrictions has not extended to a lower interest rate which would stimulate it. In other words, the present lop-sided economy will be further distorted. In that situation, if wages rise, as they inevitably will if full employment is re-created, our present relatively comfortable balance of payments may abruptly change. If, at the same time, the price of food and raw materials should increase, the situation could become unpleasant. (Almost half the total increase in national income since 1955 has been due to their fall.) The longer productive investment remains at its present level, the greater the danger to Britain. Yet its early expansion has to be paid for, and it is this commitment to which the Labour Party did less than justice in its campaign. The Labour superannuation scheme is, of course, one valuable instrument for bridging the gap between the needs of the present and the future. Some such instrument will have to be used with determination and political courage if the most basic of all our economic problems is to be successfully solved.

Five Principles of Disagreement

The Indian and Chinese prime ministers have now put their frontier cards on the table. To Chou En-lai's note of 8 September Nehru has this week replied in precise and challenging terms. He emphatically denies Chinese charges that India has 'invaded and occupied' places in Tibet, counter-charges China with aggressive probings in the Punjab and UP, and contradicts the arguments which Chou En-lai bases on map variations. He is willing to discuss 'minor rectifications', but cannot discuss China's claim to nearly 40,000 square miles of territory which for long has been an integral part of India. Chou En-lai's suggestion that India wishes to benefit from earlier British aggression against China is described by Nehru as 'deeply resented' in India. He refutes in detail Chou En-lai's assertions about the Ladakh-Tibetan frontier and repeats India's adherence to the McMahon Line which formalised 'the natural, traditional, ethnical and administrative boundary in the area'. He rejects China's claim that Bhutan and Sikkim boundaries are not within the scope of present discussions; India has special treaty rights in both cases and is the only nation with authority to speak for them. He proposes that both sides respect the *status quo* until a settlement is reached and that meanwhile troops should be withdrawn where they have crossed the line. Nehru's note, like the recently published White Paper, shows the wide area of difference between him and Chou En-lai. Presumably, long-drawn-out frontier discussions between the two prime ministers will now take the place of their earlier chats about the five principles of coexistence.

A Whiff of Oxygen

By the week-end all the 60,000 workers in motor car, engineering and steel industries affected by the seven-day unofficial strike by 1,700 British Oxygen Company employees will be back at work. It will be a little longer before the tangled factors can be unravelled which caused this curious and unfortunate strike – curious in that its leader appears to be a Tory rather than Labour sympathiser, unfortunate in that it helped to promote anti-union feeling at a critical period of an election campaign. In the meantime it has become clear that the strike had its origin partly in a genuine misunderstanding between the strikers and the TGWU, which was certainly not as much to blame as has been suggested. But the underlying factors were, of course, more important than this domestic trouble, and the end of the strike will not quickly remove them. The strikers, for example, feel discontented at their general level of wages. These may compare well with rates for similar jobs in other industry: they compare very badly with the wages the strikers have seen people earn in the motor car factories and the steelworks to which they deliver oxygen. The sharp increase in profits and productivity within the British Oxygen Company has also, not unreasonably, persuaded them that they should earn more money. The strike also represented an attempt to present a united front by all the company's workers against BOC, which has a near-monopolistic hold on the industry. The company, the argument has run, has a monopoly of manufacture: we will show them that we have a monopoly of distribution. The fact that over the past 12 months there has been a series of minor disputes demonstrates the importance of these factors. The strikers, however, made the error of supposing that the management would capitulate to a strike – as it did, in effect, during the 1955 general election. This time the management stood fairly firm, although there is every sign that the strikers will do better for themselves when the detail of the wage increase is announced than they might have done had they not struck.

The New Nyasa Challenge

The Nyasaland government now faces a new challenge. It has tried desperately since the proscription of Congress last March to persuade itself and others that, once the extremist leaders were behind barbed wire, the rest of the Africans would accept government policies, including federation. Now a new political organisation, named the Malawi Congress Party, has been formed under the leadership of Orton Chirwa, a barrister who was himself one of the earlier detainees. The new party demands the right of secession, calls for the release of Hastings Banda and the other detainees, and is pledged to work for self-government and ultimate independence. It is an open challenge to the government to ban it and detain its leaders. (The Devlin Commission showed that Congress was banned because of its political objectives and not because it could be established that its leaders were terrorists.) The government's attempt to mislead the world into believing that the mass of Africans are prepared to acquiesce in federation has already been exposed by the fact that all the 'moderates' it has been cultivating, like T. D. T. Banda and Wellington Chirwa, are as firmly opposed as Congress to Nyasaland's membership of the Federation. This latest and more militant challenge will force the government either to admit the facts or to extend its repression to the new party.

A Reproach to the Courts

The Magistrates' Association has done well to call attention to the inordinate length of time now spent in prison on remand by unconvicted – and possibly innocent – defendants. In their evidence before the Lord Chancellor's Committee on the Business of the Courts, the magistrates described the present set-up of circuit assizes and county and borough quarter sessions as 'an archaic and thoroughly inconvenient structure', whose only claim to veneration is that it dates from the 14th century; and they pointed out that it is this system of haphazard date-fixing (significantly, the courts call it 'pricking the calendar') that largely determines the lengths of remands. The remand prisons have suffered most of all from the serious breakdown in accommodation, and their situation is now a national disgrace. The law requires that remand prisoners, like debtors, be segregated from other prisoners. It is no longer possible. They mix with short-sentence criminals, old lags beginning 'preventive detention' or 'corrective training' sentences – offenders of all types. Since the prisoner on remand is the one most closely guarded of all – he cannot, for example, be allowed to work outside, and he is lucky if he is allowed to work at all – he thus gets the worst that prison can offer. Remands of four and five months, now quite common, are a reproach, not to the prison system, but to the courts.

Copyright and the Iron Curtain

The Curtain lifts another inch or two with Czechoslovakia's decision to join the Universal Copyright Convention, which protects for 25 years the work of authors who are members of its 32 member states. The main significance of this news is that the United States is thus allied for the first time, in this respect, with a country of the Soviet bloc. It is this link between America and a Communist country which is so important, because Washington holds aloof from most other copyright conventions, while Czechoslovakia, like Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, has been a member of the Berne Convention for years. The latter gives copyright protection for periods varying (nationally) from 30 to 80 years after the author's death, and covers in fact a wider area of agreement than the one which now brings Czechoslovakia and the United States together. But this news must be seen as the biggest development yet in a trend of events that may end in Russian membership of the Convention.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Disarmament on the Map

As a result of the Krushchev tour, there has been a shift in attention here from the immediate issue of Berlin to the larger question of disarmament. Since Krushchev restored the Berlin issue to active status ten months ago, there has all along been an underlying confidence within the Eisenhower administration that somehow, in a way that could not be clearly foreseen, the fate of the city would be worked out satisfactorily without any war crisis. The Camp David talks have strengthened that confidence.

Some administration critics have deplored this underlying confidence as dangerous, unwarranted complacency, but their attacks have made no dent on the President. He is now known to feel that his conversations with the Russian leader demonstrated that his own judgment was accurate. Eisenhower was merely articulating his consistent view when he said at his press conference:

> I don't know what kind of a solution may finally prove acceptable, as I say, but you must start out with this. The situation is abnormal. . . . Now, we've got to find a system that will be really acceptable to all the people in that region including those most concerned, the West Berliners.

It is unfortunate that many correspondents and foreign governments, notably West Germany, immediately began reading complex meanings into those remarks, and the White House found it necessary to issue a clarification. It cannot be emphasised too strongly that Mr Eisenhower's mind works in simple, blunt ways. He has none of the subtleties of a professional diplomat nor is he a politician like Franklin Roosevelt or Adlai Stevenson, who cares for words and always understands their precise shadings. If the President had a definite new policy or a clearcut solution for Berlin, he might either reveal it or keep silent, but it would be quite out of character for him to hint at it or adroitly disclose it in stages. His audiences at home and abroad should learn not to mistake his verbal puddles for deep pools.

Beyond Berlin there looms the much grander prospect of disarmament. The main effect of Krushchev's tour and his speech at the United Nations is that disarmament, after a long period of cynicism and despair, is once again being seriously considered and discussed in this country. There is an astonishingly widespread tendency (astonishing in terms of the sentiment that has until recently prevailed here concerning the Cold War) to accept the Russian leader's protestations at very close to their face value and to believe that Russia finds the arms race as economically burdensome as does the West. Walter Lippmann, the influential columnist, recently wrote: 'The [arms] race today is a heavy burden. But if we cannot reach a truce in the Cold War, the race must become faster and the burden heavier. . . . With these compulsions working upon them, the President and Mr K. have staked so much on these exchanges that they cannot afford to let them fail.'

Marquis Childs, another widely-read commentator, put the case for the new optimism boldly and succinctly in an article in which he wrote: 'The belief is growing that Krushchev will go the whole way in disarmament, accompanied by simultaneous control and inspection. He is preparing to take a gamble greater than any thus far in his career.'

Adlai Stevenson, who remains a leading possibility for the Democratic presidential nomination next year, declared in an article in the *New York Times* after spending a day with Krushchev in Iowa: 'We have always thought that arms were an effect, not a cause, of tension and that arms reduction could only follow political settlements. Is it possible that this may no longer be true in the nuclear age when men are afraid of the weapons themselves even if they have them?'

Senator Humphrey of Minnesota, another Democratic presidential prospect, who has long been chairman of the Senate Disarmament Subcommittee and has helped keep the subject alive in season and out, has prodded the State Department to follow up the Krushchev initiative aggressively. Secretary of State Herter, as he demonstrated by his cautious but not negative response to Krushchev's speech, is flexible enough to compromise on details if the Russians do mean business. Although Lewis Strauss, the former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, and certain military men in the Pentagon allied with him on disarmament questions, still have access to the President, their influence is not likely to be decisive with Mr Eisenhower if he sees any chance of substantial progress. The dream of a striking personal contribution to the cause of peace clearly rules his thinking as he nears the end of his presidential career.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

Peking

Small Freedoms

A Student of the Chinese Press writes. For some time before Prime Minister Chou En-lai's 'adjust the targets' speech on 26 August, the Chinese press suggested that in the year of the great leap, the targets had been too high and the pressure on people too tough. Added to these factors, China has suffered months of widespread drought which at any other time in her history would have meant a national calamity. The anti-drought campaign is featured throughout the press with many stories of paddy fields that have cracked and turned white, of crops that have withered and turned yellow, of the number of water pumps, waterwheels, buckets, ladles, tubs and other water drawing apparatus mobilised to avoid disaster.

Editors have joined in a campaign to boost morale. The *Peking Jen-min Jih-pao* described the urgency of production and economy in the months of August and September and told its readers to take 'a determined stand against the rightist-inclined sentiment that has found its way into some of the cadres'; some of them showed 'an inclination to avoid hardship' . . . and lacked 'the confidence needed to overcome difficulties. . . . To justify their rightist-inclined and conservative attitude, they maintained that it was better to have a simple plan and low targets. This is the rightist danger on the economic front today which should not be overlooked'. The *Ta-kung-pao* gave the same warning from its editorial chair: 'Resolutely overcome rightist deviationist sentiments and pluck up courage to march forward. We should pay serious attention to the recent growth of the right-deviationist sentiments among a small number of cadres. . . . They have doubts about this year's leap forward. . . . Their sentiments constitute the main danger on the present economic front and must be resolutely overcome'.

Then came Chou En-lai's speech that 'the planned targets of 1959 require adjustment in the light of the problems discovered in carrying out the plan for the first half of the year', in the light of the verified figures for the output of grain (from the target of 525 million tons to 275 million tons), of cotton (from five million tons to 2.3 million tons) of steel (from 18 million tons to 12 million tons), and of coal (from 380 million tons to 335 million tons).

Chou En-lai's speech was equally important in the revaluation it suggested of the people's communes, now just a year old. He admitted 'such phenomena as the over-centralisation of some administrative powers, equalitarianism in distribution and extravagance' through inexperience during the initial period. Now the communes are in process of being overhauled. The new slogan is: 'To each according to his labour'. Fu Jung in *Chung-kuo Ch'ing-nien* explained the slogan 'people's communes must not try to do everything in one single step, must not negate the Socialist principle "to each according to his labour" in favour of the Communist principle "to each according to his need" until production is highly developed and social products are plentiful. People must not strain after Communism before the conditions are ripe'. The *Tientsin Hopei Jih-pao* adapted a 'Questions by All, Answers by All' column to deal with questions raised by members of a people's commune. 'Is it advisable to allow commune members to engage in some sideline occupations?' 'Can commune members grow some gourds and vegetables on odd pieces of vacant land when they can be spared from farm work?' 'After peoples' communes have been built, should the bicycles of commune members become the property of the communes?'

The answers given show that the authorities recognise the human animal's unconquerable desire for something he can call his own. Commune members are allowed to engage in sideline production at home when they can be spared from work. They can gather wild vegetables for their pigs, they can make some bean curd and do some knitting. They can cultivate a bit of waste land to increase their income. 'They may grow whatever they like by the side of their houses, in the yards, in the cemeteries, and on other odd pieces of vacant land.' The bicycles were a little more difficult to deal with. In the early days, members had to surrender them. Now the bicycles have to be returned to their owners, but 'resistance was encountered . . . some cadres refused. . . . They were criticised for not correctly carrying out the party's new line'.

The key to the overhaul of the communes is production. Lin Hsia, in the Peking *Chung-kuo Ch'ing-nien-pao*, elaborates the view that to get the maximum productivity, it is important that 'aside from collective production, the commune members should be enabled to use their spare time to grow some food grains, melons, vegetables . . . and raise some domestic animals and poultry on vacant plots of land'. These articles follow from the new Communist directive: 'Members can retain individual trees round their houses and small farm implements, small tools, small domestic animals and poultry'. Lin Hsia calls this a 'small freedom' within a definite framework. Some of the comrades have criticised this concession of 'small freedom', believing that commune members would develop 'the spontaneous capitalist tendency and withdraw from the collective'. Lin Hsia admits the danger, but puts his faith in 'political leadership, economic limitations and the supervision of the masses' to keep

these human desires in the correct party groove.

The *Peking Jen-min Jih-pao* published the results of an inquiry into this small-scale, sideline production in three local communes (there are now 26,000). 'With the level of production as it actually is,' the inquiry finds, 'income from collective undertakings is as yet unable to reduce into insignificance the percentages accounted for by income from commune members' domestic small-scale sideline production.' In one commune far more chickens and pigs were being raised privately than publicly, and the resulting manure was used to fertilise personal sideline production rather than communal grains and vegetables. In short, Chinese individualism is reasserting itself.

Outer Space

The Dark Side of the Moon

After their confident accounts of the first stages of *Lunik III's* moonflight, the Soviet scientists were slow to say exactly what it was doing as it came close to the Moon. They can hardly be blamed for that: travelling very slowly by space-flight standards, rather like a man on a slow bicycle race, *Lunik III's* path depended critically on a bewildering number of factors. The instrument package would have fallen back towards the earth even if the Moon had not been there to tug at it. Now it becomes an earth satellite on an enormous nine-day orbit. Its sun-powered transmitters should go on working for years – unless some unhappy accident of gravity brings it into collision with either earth or Moon.

Early this week, the Moon was roughly between the earth and the sun. Four days before the Moon had actually eclipsed the sun, and on Tuesday the Moon's backside was well illuminated. One of the main purposes of the flight was to secure television pictures of that far side, four-tenths of which had never been glimpsed before. The scientific value of such pictures is slight; there has never been any real reason to suppose that the Moon's hind-quarters were any more attractive than the crater-pocked wilderness on the near side. But the curiosity value is immense, for scientists as well as for laymen. Neither *Lunik II*, which hit the Moon, nor *Lunik III* has been particularly informative. *Lunik II*, before it crashed, confirmed what we knew already, that the moon has no detectable magnetism. *Lunik III* might have given a vital new measurement of the Moon's gravity (now known only to within one part in 300) if it had gone closer to the Moon and if its perturbations could have been followed visually from earth. For the more sophisticated manœuvres by moon-rockets necessary for serious exploration, the allowances to be made for the Moon's gravity will have to be known more precisely.

The next really big step in the Soviet programme will be to land instruments gently on the Moon's surface, and we can expect the first attempt at such a 'soft' landing within months. A braking rocket will serve to slow the package: the Moon having no atmosphere worth speaking of, parachutes or gliding wings would be useless. Then we shall begin to discover all sorts of things about the Moon, such as its radioactivity, its structure, and whether its surface is soft dust or (as the Russians now say) jagged slag produced by meteor impacts as violent as atom bombs. All we can learn will contribute to our understanding of how the solar system and our own planet came into being. But whatever Professor Tikhof may say about the possibility of life on the Moon, it is unlikely that anything but the crudest chemical precursors of life can exist in that arid surface where the temperature varies between boiling heat and unimaginable cold.

NIGEL CALDER

Fleet Street

The Press Line-up

And what part did the newspapers play in the result? It is hard to say, of course. All newspaper circulations went up considerably during the election – more in most cases than was expected. The numerical balance remained, as in the nature of Fleet Street it is always bound to, heavily with the Tories – even although the *Observer*, abandoning the neutrality it had originally chosen for itself, came down on the side of Labour (welcomed there by a still more surprising recruit, for this election only, the *Spectator*). The Liberals had the *News Chronicle* and, possibly to their discomfort, the *People*, which seems to have reached the view that a middle-road 'protest vote' was the best thing for a newspaper controlled by conservatively-minded businessmen who are also involved in the business direction of a Labour daily paper. Any such Conservative inclinations on the part of its directors were, it is fair to say, magnificently ignored by the *Herald* itself, which backed the Labour campaign with a fervour and skill altogether lacking in 1955.

Any fears Labour people might have had about the *Mirror* in its early quiet phase were exploded with a mighty bang as its shock troops came roaring into action for the final four days – 'The Time Has Come For The Tories To Go', and 'Only *Dopes* Will Be *Don't Knows* on Thursday'. No secret weapons this time, however. Instead, daily hard punching with six points a day for the 'Don't knows', a good number of whom were probably, in the nature of things, to be found among the Mirror's 13,000,000 readers.

But if Labour had some of the best 'serious' journalism behind it, with the *Observer* and the *Guardian* pointing consistently to the moral issues raised by Suez, Cyprus, Hola and Nyasaland, and some of the very best popular argument in both the *Mirror* and the *Herald*, the Tories had, not only the weight of numbers, but an aptitude for the razor and the cosh on the part of several of their Fleet Street allies that no Labour paper tried to match and the consequences of which it is difficult to judge.

By the last week of the election most of the *Daily Express's* original attempt to be restrained had been abandoned – although the thought of how many of its 12,000,000 readers (4,000,000-odd paying) might like Mr Gaitskell kept it somewhat more moderate than the rest of the Beaverbrook press. The *Evening Standard*, with the smallest circulation of any London evening paper, had no such inhibitions. It conducted a campaign of smears and innuendoes – salted whenever it seemed useful with anti-semitism – at a level lower for much of the time than anything it has ever touched in the past, which is saying quite a lot. As the public opinion polls continued to show that the British people were not thinking the way Lord Beaverbrook wanted, the *Express* decided to denounce even its own. 'The *Daily Express* for its part,' it announced in black type on Tuesday, 'acknowledges that it has no confidence in its own poll, although it is conducted with complete integrity and all possible efficiency.' Previously it had been advertising the same poll as the only really accurate – and independent – one.

The *Daily Mail* continued to the end its single-minded devotion to the proposition that the leaders of the Labour Party were both fools and rogues. Among the Conservative national papers, in fact, only the *Daily Telegraph* consistently remembered that it was a newspaper and not a propaganda sheet. It fought a hard campaign in its leader columns, but in its news columns main-

MacFeiffer
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABSOLUTELY UNFLAPPABLE.
TROLLOPE
IT WAS I WHO BROKE THE ICE – AND I SAID THERE AIN'T GONNA BE ANY WAR.
ALL RIGHT, – SO THERE WAS THAT LITTLE POLICE-ACTION IN SUEZ –
AND THAT LITTLE ROW BETWEEN THE GREEKS AND THE TURKS IN CYPRUS WHICH I SETTLED –

tained for the most part an exemplary sense of fairness. This must have made the men who run the *Daily Sketch* laugh their heads off. 'Labour Party's Latest! They Try to Use Podola,' they shouted in large black type on Monday. And the following day in even blacker type, the trick that would really win the game: 'Secret Labour Plot To Kill Channel Nine'. 'If you vote the Socialists into power on Thursday,' it told its readers – commercial telly addicts, one suspects, to a man – 'you can say goodbye to commercial television. . . The *Daily Sketch* is able to reveal that the Socialists have decided to abolish independent television altogether.' Having got this large lie off its chest and aware no doubt that by now few of its readers are likely to take its unsupported word on anything, it proceeded to the oldest defensive tactic in the business. 'You may,' it confided, 'expect a denial of this story from Socialist HQ'. The *Sketch* Political Correspondent further 'revealed' that not only did the Labour Party intend to kill independent television but also proposed to put the licence fee up to £10!

What effect, if any, all this had on the final result is anybody's guess.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Heads We Win . . .

WHATEVER the outcome of the poll, the 1959 election campaign has been a signal and significant success for Labour. At the beginning of this year, despite eight years of Tory rule, Cyprus, the Rent Act, three years of industrial stagnation, 620,000 unemployed, the Suez catastrophe and violent internal convulsions in the Tory ranks, Labour's prospects seemed gloomy. Not only had Labour failed even to begin the reconquest of the lost votes of 1955, but there were grave doubts within the party about the quality of its leadership and the drift of its policies. This journal voiced some of these doubts in a series entitled 'Shall We Help Mr Gaitskell?' – and the response the question evoked showed that the malaise had spread wide and deep among the educated young idealists who have traditionally supplied the progressive forces in this country with ideas and energy.

Since then, a great transformation has been wrought. It began, we believe, with the decision of the Labour leadership to stand resolutely by principle on the momentous African issues which dominated parliament during the spring and summer; it continued with the great debate on the H-bomb, which revealed that all sections of the movement were prepared to imperil unity and risk defeat at the polls rather than turn their faces from the most challenging – and intractable – problem of our time. During these trying months, the generation which had succeeded the victors of 1945 acquired maturity and discipline. The process was little observed at the time. But when, last month, Mr Macmillan, calculating with great skill that all the electoral factors, physical and psychological, were now in his favour, chose to appeal to the country, he found a new and entirely unexpected opponent in the ring. During four weeks of bitter campaigning, the fresh threads in the Labour fabric have been gathered together. The face the party has presented to the electorate has been young, vigorous, forward-looking and confident.

What are the elements in this transformation? In the first place, Labour has judged correctly that what the voter requires above all else at election-time are concrete issues, presented in factual terms, on which he can make up his mind. Macmillan hoped to fight the battle on the vague euphoria of his record; instead, he had to fight it on the hard facts of Labour's policy. This was not created overnight: it was the fruit of three years' painstaking work, by policy sub-committees and experts. They produced proposals which were neither revolutionary nor utopian, but detailed, practical schemes for clearing selected areas in the social and moral jungle created by capitalist society. In education, in pensions, in public health, above all in the key sphere of planned industrial production, Labour had interpreted and sharpened the guiding principles of its basic philosophy by calling in – for the first time over such a wide front – the assistance of experienced social scientists. Hence, its programme, though moderate, was workable, businesslike and, above all, coherent. It sprang from the heart; it was guided by the head. And it has (again, irrespective of the electoral result itself) been accepted by the country: for the only criticism it has evoked from the Tories throughout the campaign is that the nation cannot afford it. Hence it looks as if the Tories will soon be driven by popular pressure to accept the second phase of the Welfare State, as they accepted the first.

But Labour's new image is not only of methods, it is of men also. During the election, the country discovered Labour had a policy; it also found it had a leader. The two are intimately connected. Mr Gaitskell would be ill at ease presiding over a social revolution; but the policy with which the party fought the election – of marginal advance into a series of related fields of social welfare and industrial planning – was exactly suited to his opinions and temperament. As the realisation of the policy spread through the country, so his stature increased. The policy-image was humanitarian moderation: it found physical embodiment in Hugh Gaitskell.

Nor was Gaitskell alone. Behind him, as the television screen revealed, was a team who shared his beliefs in empirical reform and advance: Crossman, Callaghan, Wedgwood Benn, Mayhew, Healey – youngish men, whose high education had been balanced by experience, men of powerful intelligence tempered by emotional communion with the workers whose aspirations they represented. This was a team which had sloughed off the traumas of the Thirties, and which now turned its face to the problems of the mid-20th century: to automation and planned expansion, to the conquest of space and the organisation of leisured living for all.

And behind this team, in turn, stood a new army of party workers, whom events had conjured out of the backwaters of indifference. Suez, Nyasaland, Hola had each produced their quota. Many of them, no doubt, had grown to political consciousness under Tory rule and found themselves stifled by the confined atmosphere of privilege and violence in which it flourished. But many more had been drawn into political action through the nuclear disarmament campaign – the first and only militant mass-movement to emerge since the war. It was widely assumed that their activities would split, at best embarrass, Labour; instead, having found themselves on the political battlefield, they immediately rallied – when the moment of choice came – to the one party which still proclaims, though in muted tones, its adherence to principle. Thus, for the first time, Labour has begun to tap the new resources of youthful energy and awareness which post-war Britain has flung up, and which so far have stood outside the classical party equation. It is the best possible augury for the future.

AND THOSE LITTLE LOCAL DIFFICULTIES IN NYASALAND AND HOLA AND THE SQUEEZE AND THE RENT ACT.
BUT I NEVER FLAPPED ABOUT THAT FALL-OUT NONSENSE AND I ALWAYS TOLD THEM THAT THEY'VE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD
YET, SOME PEOPLE ARE STILL AGAINST ME, HATE ME, PERSECUTE ME, DON'T VOTE FOR ME – ER – THAT REMINDS ME, I MUST CANCEL THE –
'OBSERVER'
VICKY
WITH APOLOGIES TO FEIFFER

London Diary

When it's all over, including the shouting, we shall be left with unanswered questions. Why, for instance, were there so many 'don't knows' so long? Was it that thousands of old-fashioned fixed voters who never read more than one paper or attended a political meeting of another colour discovered through TV that the other side really had a case? If so, one up for TV. The prize for helping Don't Knows to make up their minds goes to the *Daily Mirror's* brilliant campaign. The *Sketch's* nonsense about Labour intending to abolish ITV may have misled some. It was so proud of it that it gave away free copies. Many may have been won over by Macmillan's dramatic use of Churchill's platitude about destroying in a day what it had taken him years to build. Perhaps Winston's last service to the Tory party. Macmillan's pretence that he had got the Summit conference all neatly sewn up was roughly exposed by Eisenhower and Hagerty. But I doubt whether being caught out in this boast did him much harm because everyone knows that he deserves credit as an icebreaker. The City was the one place in which there were no 'don't knows'; the Stock Exchange crack is that there is to be a government inquiry into the leak about the election result. A welcome fact has been the comparative absence of rough-housing in areas where the colour issue is hot. Mosley won his loudest cheer by promising to call a spade a spade, without knowing its double meaning. The whole campaign has been rather like the blitz; everyone afterwards has his favourite yarn. I like the old lady gasping in the heat because she could not discard her thick jumper since it was her only blue garment. My own special memory is of an October bathe snatched in an English Channel as hospitable as the Mediterranean. A gorgeous but very expensive bathe; when I got out I discovered that I was still wearing my wrist watch.

* * *

Under pressure, Mr Swart, the South African Minister of Justice, has published his reasons for virtually confining Mr Ronald Segal, editor of *Africa South*, to house arrest. (This seems a fair description of a prohibition to meet, even for a meal, a political or professional colleague or even a personal friend.) The charges make fantastic reading. His chief offence, it seems, was to publish articles analysing the political situation and predicting that *apartheid* would eventually collapse. There are also 'extracts' from speeches allegedly made by Segal, taken down by informers. The 'extracts' are described by Segal as 'exuberantly inaccurate'—indeed, some of them do not make sense, grammatically or politically. The fact is, as the *Cape Times* states: 'Mr Swart obviously has not a case which he can take to court. Therefore he punishes his victim by issuing a ban, without having to prove the facts, without having his witnesses cross-examined, without having to hear the accused and with no possibility of appeal against an arbitrary decision'. Tragically, it looks as though Swart will not have to rely much longer on administrative action of this type to silence critics of the regime. Last month, the *Cape Times* reported that a bill has now been drafted to create a system of internal censorship. This bill will be based on the Cronje Report which recommends that every newspaper and magazine should have to register with a board and submit a copy of each issue before publication. The board, if it chose, would be able to ban the issue; and it could also advise the courts to close down the publication permanently. Anyone found guilty of publishing 'undesirable material' would then be liable to a prison sentence of 2½ years.

* * *

Geoffrey Pyke was already famous when I was an undergraduate at Cambridge. He was the first man to have escaped from a German prison camp (he had gone to Germany with the idea of stopping the war). He was also the founder and financier (by monstrous gambling on the Stock Exchange) of the Malting House school, where the child was encouraged to discover everything for himself, from the basis of mathematics to the fundamentals of sex and where the grown-ups were to watch the children and make notes. You can follow the saga in Mr Lampe's *Pyke, The Unknown Genius* (Evans. 18s.). I remember his inspired schemes for defeating Franco and for setting up an institute in South Africa to study the causes of anti-semitism. His plans for defeating Hitler with commandos appealed to the imagination of Leo Amery who sent him on to Mountbatten, who made him, J. D. Bernal and Solly Zuckerman principal scientific advisers to Combined Operations. Together they did miracles, but it was Pyke who invented Habakkuk, the vast, impregnable iceberg aircraft carrier which, covered with reinforced ice, was to move slowly up the Baltic and invade Germany. That he was right about its impregnable qualities (before atomic bombs) was proved when Mountbatten fired a revolver at one of Geoffrey's lumps of reinforced ice with the result the bullet ricochetted off and almost killed Lord Portal. But Pyke had by that time so much exasperated the experts in Washington that he was never allowed personally to take part in making the prototype of Habakkuk. He would never have had his chance at all if Mountbatten had not recognised genius even when it wrote him letters 50,000 words long.

* * *

I am sure it will satisfy most people, whatever their views on the death penalty, that the Podola case is after all going to the Court of Criminal Appeal—via the Home Office. You could hardly imagine a more suitable case for invoking this little-used provision of the Criminal Appeal Act, 1907—especially as the Judges have for so long held different views on the point whether a prisoner's loss of memory must be proved by the defence or disproved by the prosecution. I should think it will also reassure a good many people to know that a jury's rejection of such evidence is not after all to be a final decision admitting of no appeal. Mr Butler's decision will also relieve his successor of a most uncomfortable first day in office: he would have little more than a day in which to decide Podola's fate. If the Judges now decide that Podola's memory was sound, the Home Secretary of course will still have the reprieve question to consider; otherwise, he will have to decide where Podola (a sane person) is to be detained during Her Majesty's pleasure.

* * *

My own definition of the Establishment is that it consists of those people who occupy positions of authority without being subject to any public process of scrutiny, appointment or dismissal. The only proper enlargement of this definition is that it may also be said to include people who may be recruited to honorary membership by virtue of showing that they will conform to the general pattern it maintains. Thus, a trade union leader with a handle to his name is almost certainly a servant of the Establishment. Easy examples of original Establishment members who are there by birth or appointment are the Queen and her entourage, the archbishops, the governor of the Bank of England, the editor of *The Times*, hereditary peers like Salisbury, and certain powerful civil servants. Scandal arises from time to time when a rogue elephant accidentally gets into the zoo. Beaverbrook is an outstanding case of a newspaper proprietor who would normally have been caught but who, partly because the Establishment treated him with contempt on his arrival from Canada, has outraged the upper crust by kicking down the walls of the enclosure. Other examples are bishops, Deans of Canterbury and Canons of St Pauls who would not have been appointed if they had not been expected to conform; but occasionally have proved to be rebels.

* * *

I have long believed that Bernhard Berenson was immortal. I remember being taken to see him at his villa outside Florence thirteen years ago. He was already a Presence; having an audience with him seemed at first rather like being received by Queen Victoria. But it did not stay like that. For he was charming and continuously amusing and one soon felt at home. He has been an authority in the world of art ever since I was a boy. I feel now that I must read his works to judge how far this unique reputation was justified. One remark of his I have always cherished. In the controversy about history as a science, he remarked that, on the contrary, it is 'an art which must not neglect the known facts.'

* * *

The ITV discussion of Lord Russell's *Wisdom of the West*—a much simplified and finely illustrated version of his *History of Western Philosophy* (published by Macdonald at 3 guineas)—is to be broadcast at 11.35 p.m. on Friday night of this week. How many people are still viewers at that hour? Some true and tough things were said by Russell and others, especially about religion. Russell himself put forward the Gibbonesque view of Christianity as a corrupting force which had introduced a destructive fanaticism into the comparative tolerance of the ancient world. No doubt the discussion will have to be cut on grounds of length. It will be of great interest to see how far, even near midnight, the authorities will think it wise to offend some viewers by such outspoken heresy.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Isn't it strange what being a car owner can do for one socially? Until we got ours eighteen months ago there were quite a few people living nearby who never even acknowledged us.

Now those same people seem to go out of their way to say 'Hello'.—Letter in *Sunday Pictorial*. (Jack Hollis.)

When he left the bank he saw Gray and another man in a parked car. 'They were wearing bowler hats, fake moustaches, and dark glasses—they were disguised as bankers'.—*Glasgow Herald*. (G. K. B. Henderson.)

Thank you for the splendid reproduction of Annigoni's portrait of Julie Andrews. The wealth of expression portrayed surely will rank it in the future with the famous 'Mona Lisa'.—Letter in *Daily Express*. (W. Maynard.)

I spend hours at the local library reading detective stories. But I read only the first and last chapters of each. The only time I read one right through I got so bored that I didn't care who had committed the murder.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (D. St[illegible])

My Election

DURING the 1945 general election, the Huddersfield Stipendiary Magistrate was marking his ballot paper when a seemingly well-educated lady at the next booth leaned over to ask: 'Excuse me, sir, but would you mind telling me which of these three candidates supports Mr Churchill?' As the Stipendiary said to me afterwards: 'So much for all your election campaigning!' So much indeed!

For two and half weeks, the three of us had been making six set speeches a night, speeches which the *Huddersfield Examiner* had reported fully and with such meticulous fairness that the chief sub-editor used a ruler to ensure that each candidate received exactly the same number of column inches each night. Each of us had written an election address, which perspiring supporters had folded into envelopes addressed to every elector in the borough. Even more heavily perspiring supporters had tramped the streets, pushing election literature through letter boxes and knocking on doors to canvass for votes; and the tide of national propaganda from press and radio had flowed unceasingly. Yet, at the end of it all, a lady possessing all her faculties was still concerned only to support Mr Churchill and still did not know how to set about it.

Before each subsequent election we have always told each other that much of this electioneering work was waste of time and that we would cut it out; but we never do. In 1959 we've followed much the same pattern as in 1945. For the candidates, there is still the long round of meetings; two in the lunch hour at works gates or in factory canteens, and up to three in church halls or schools at night. The chairman still announces that 'he doesn't intend to stand between you and the candidate' and proceeds to do so for 15 minutes, most of which he spends in rebuking the few who have turned up because so many have stayed away. The attendance at these evening meetings can be so tiny that on at least one occasion a candidate has put the complete audience at his first meeting into the back of his car and driven it to his second meeting. But the candidate must go through his piece, though words, at their umpteenth repetition, tend to stick in his throat, and though out of the corner of his eye he sees the local reporter, pencil idle in his hand, waiting in desperation for something new to put in his notebook. All that there is to show for these efforts is a slab of print which nobody reads in the local paper next evening.

Meanwhile, some half-dozen canvassers in each ward are doing the real work of the election. They hurry home from work, have a quick tea and, with a part of the electoral roll pasted on to cardboard, they get out from door to door. The aim of the canvass is, not to convince, but to find out where your support is, so that on polling day the knockers-up can come running round to drag their own lot to the poll without alerting opposition. This canvass is a highly skilled job. Wily opponents will try to inveigle the canvasser into argument and even ask him in for a cup of tea, just to waste his time. Many will say 'yes' so as to be rid of him and get back to the telly. The canvasser must watch the expression in the eyes and listen carefully to the tone of voice and mark his card 'F for For' only when absolutely certain. All others must be 'D for Doubtful' or 'A for Against'. I have even seen a card marked WD, which, the canvasser said, stood for 'Wants drowning'.

It is a skilled job but, on the whole, a distasteful one; and fewer and fewer people are prepared to do it now, when they have to face not only abuse from political opponents but also the surliness of interrupted television addicts – though one of my canvassers did induce a man to go out and vote in a municipal by-election last week by promising to tele-sjt for him and let him know how many goals were scored in his absence in the Manchester United-Real Madrid game.

Throughout all this, is the candidate doing anything at all worth while? 'Campaign's been going well so far. But now,' says his agent gloomily, 'the candidate's turned up'. This is the kind of thing that agents feel – when I asked a neighbouring candidate how his campaign was going he said: 'Oh, normal. I'm not on speaking terms with my agent'. But the candidate can and does do some good. All day long, when not enclosed in meetings or receiving deputations from a dozen or so anti-something leagues, he is out on the streets with his loud-speaker, not making a speech but just reminding electors of polling day or announcing an evening meeting. In the morning or afternoon, few see him – I get a dog or two and, in the country districts, fairly substantial herds of cows – but the few who do see him tell their neighbours: 'Mallalieu was up here today.' By late afternoon the children are out and still are fascinated by the loudspeaker though they are not sure what it is all about. 'Are you the White Tide Man?' they ask, or, looking at my photograph on the car, 'Is that man wanted by the police?' But they want to have a go on the mike themselves. Soon I am progressing down the street like a Pied Piper and everyone is at his door. There's no politics in this, no H-bomb, no nationalisation, no pensions; but there is an atmosphere of pleasantness about it which may linger to polling day; and for an ex-sitting member there is genuine bread-and-butter work, too. 'You'll get our vote all right,' they say, 'but when you get back to Westminster, do see about the leak in my roof'.

Shall I get back to Westminster? The candidate's hopes go up after a good meeting, down after a bad canvass return; and, for a Labour candidate, there is the persistent terror that at six o'clock on the evening of polling day, when the Labour vote should begin to roll in, it will pour with rain or come down fog. But, that apart, after a couple of weeks an experienced candidate begins to get a feel of how things are going and, writing four days before the poll, my feeling is that things are going well. Though the evening meetings are only slightly better than in 1955, the lunch-hour meetings are up to the 1945 level. At least as impressive are the little signs, the thumbs-up in the streets, the pleasant glances of recognition, the chatter of the kids – 'My dad's voting Labour this time'.

This scent of success was certainly not so three weeks ago, and I suspect that the reason for the change is not the activities of candidates or agents, but a reaction to political television. It would seem that the ordinary elector has paid only a little attention to what the party speakers say from that little box but has paid a great deal of attention to the way in which they say it; and an impression has steadily gained ground that the Conservative spokesmen, even though, with the exception of Dr Charles Hill, they may appear to be pleasant enough chaps, are not really 'our sort' and do not really care about 'our' problems. This is, notoriously, a bread-and-butter, self-interest election, with hardly a question coming up about the H-bomb and not many about the colonies or Suez, but any amount on pensions and capital gains. The self-interest, however, is not wholly material. I detect, far more strongly than in recent years, a sense of affinity with others, a communal sense.

When, the other day, I was canvassing a block of old, one-roomed flats known as 'the tenements', I met an elderly Austrian woman who for years had been a servant of the well-to-do families in Huddersfield. She said: 'When I was at the big house, they used to say to me: "You must vote Conservative". And since I've been down here, four ladies have come to me and said again: "You must vote Conservative". But I'm not sure any more. What are the people in this house?'

I said: 'Nearly all of them are Labour'.

'Very well', she said. 'These are my people now. And their party is my party.'

This instinctive, Ruth-like, desire to be together with one's neighbours, to be a part of 'people like ourselves' is focusing itself, at any rate round here, on the Labour Party to a greater extent than at any time in my experience. If that is at all general, it could produce a real electoral surprise.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

An Oxford Manifesto

ONE of the most important events in Oxford during the last academic year was Sir Isaiah Berlin's inaugural lecture, *Two Concepts of Liberty*. In its published form it has been widely read, and was respectfully reviewed in the national press. Despite its skilful arguments and passionate attack on interference with individual liberty, it is remarkable, and in some ways disturbing, that it has aroused so little criticism, for it questions some of the implicit assumptions on which the political beliefs of many Englishmen are still founded. For Sir Isaiah the desire to participate in governing the community to which one belongs ought to be repressed, for it can lead to tyranny, whether by one man or by majority rule. The inference which one draws is that the ideal of public service is dangerous. He emphasises that what matters above all is 'the desire not to be impinged upon, to be left to oneself'.

It is hard to understand why such views have not been challenged. No doubt it is partly because they provide the intellectual with a welcome justification for opting out of political responsibility. It can also be argued that political theory is unimportant today. But as Sir Isaiah himself points out, 'it is only a very vulgar materialism that denies the power of ideas'. To ignore, if not to deny, such a power, is one sign of a decaying society. In Oxford at least one would expect vigorous argument at a theoretical level to take place. Yet even here this lecture, like much else, has been accepted almost without question.

The explanation of this is that it has become difficult in Oxford to learn the independence of mind which is the only antidote to stultification. Superficially this would seem to be untrue, for all the traditional traits of English conservatism are vanishing. The social class-system, based on the hierarchy of the public schools, is in dissolution. Only Christ Church, Trinity and Worcester remain as bastions of the bloodies – or cavalry-twilled *canaille*, as an undergraduate journalist once described them. Some social snobbishness remains, and it is enough to irritate many undergraduates of working-class origin. These, however, although they may react violently against the bourgeois values with which they come in contact, become critical also of their own back-

grounds. The resulting sense of classlessness which they feel is shared also by undergraduates from middle-class homes who revolt against the nice, self-contained, smug world of self-satisfied and sensible English families which were recently to be seen on Conservative posters. Rootless intellectuals such as these used to find a natural home in the Communist Party. Since Hungary that refuge no longer exists.

The world of fading values and of social insecurity apparently provides an admirable *milieu* in which to develop intellectual honesty and courage. There is, however, a natural and frequently desperate desire for security. Some discover it by escaping into the unreal realm of exclusively intellectual pursuits. Hard work in these circumstances tends to be a narcotic, not a stimulant. Others attempt to achieve the comforts of status by winning a reputation for brilliance. Intellectual snobbery is replacing social snobbery. This is caused by the new opportunity—state education—combined with the fundamental insecurity of the post-war student generation. The result is increased intellectual arrogance; freshmen are overwhelmed and unsettled by the apparent profundity of those ahead of them, and good minds easily are induced to abandon scholarship for the sake of conversational adroitness. There are some dons who are not averse to this tendency. A few stimulate the get-brilliant-quick tradition, which in any case has always been strong in Oxford. There is thus occasionally actual encouragement to pursue a course which leads to shallow-mindedness.

Nor is superficiality usually compensated for by a corresponding breadth of outlook. The narrow vision which is the result of intellectual arrogance is provided with blinkers by the syllabuses. In nearly all subjects, these fail not only to provide specialist knowledge which will be of immediate practical use on leaving the university, but they also fail to develop a cultural vocabulary in which members of one faculty can talk with those of another. Undergraduates are being cut off from each other—despite the gradual disappearance of the barriers of social class.

This isolation of the individual will probably grow, for the universal tendency now is to increase specialisation at the expense of general education. This is a tragedy, not only for each person concerned, but also for society. Nothing is easier than to manipulate men who are specialists, and have no knowledge or understanding outside their own fields. It is paradoxical, but true, that the age of common education may well weaken democracy. To avert the danger of intellectual aristocrats ruling helot specialists, the universities should aim at providing all students with sufficient historical, cultural and scientific knowledge to understand the world in which they live and the role which they, as specialists, are to play in society. In Oxford, at least, very little conscious attempt is made to do this.

The important part played by politics in university life seems to provide a safeguard against the danger of developing a narrow outlook. Unfortunately, however, university politics do not provide a *milieu* in which it is easy to express any sense of social responsibility. They tend to be a confusion of personality conflicts and petty ambitions, in which discussion plays too small a part and arguments are used rather to reinforce prejudice than to form opinions. The fault lies principally in the English education system, which teaches that life is a glorious pot hunt and that the happiest man is he who is most successful in winning trophies. This leads to a determination to secure the prizes involved, whatever the means used. Hence the tedious series of Union election scandals, which occasionally reach the pages of the national press.

The corrupting influence of such a system is obvious. Anyone who enters university politics will probably learn how to push himself and how to argue with facility. He will also be acquiring the attitudes and techniques necessary to perpetuate all the values of English social, political and economic life. He will be imbibing acceptance, not independence. For undergraduates who are, consciously or not, in revolt against such values, the temptation to ignore university politics is almost overwhelming, especially as those who do have feelings of social responsibility can find some outlet for their convictions and energy elsewhere. The membership of JACARI (Joint Action Committee Against Racial Intolerance) has always been enormous, and last year COSMOS (the Oxford branch of the UNA) and the Nuclear Disarmament Campaign won vast support.

Activity in such causes cannot, however, satisfactorily solve the appalling dilemma of those who remain or become radical. They realise that it is only political action that can change the structure of a society which in so many ways, some of which are reflected and nurtured in Oxford, appeals to the worse side of human nature. Yet they know that to enter politics is to expose themselves to corruption. More, in the university anything which the radical may possibly achieve will be unlikely to produce a lasting result—especially since the end of national service means that undergraduates are now catapulted straight from school to university. They are not only younger on arrival, but have been deprived of a period in which they escaped from the English educational system and had an opportunity of viewing it more objectively. There is thus even less chance than before of securing an independent hearing for reforms which imply criticism of established customs and institutions.

So why do we not all shrug our shoulders and worry only about ourselves, as Berlin seems to advocate? In general terms it is because some of us believe that the liberty of discussion which J. S. Mill advocates necessarily involves the individual in a responsibility to act upon the ideas in which he believes, provided that by doing so he is not contravening the democratic *modus vivendi*. It seems to us that the area of negative liberty of which Berlin speaks can be secured and increased only by the collective action of socially responsible individuals. We therefore believe that we have an obligation to demand that the institutions and attitudes which we criticise should be changed. We also believe that if we ignore the faults of Oxford, we shall also ignore those of English society, for they are intricately interwoven. We believe that they can be solved only by constructing a society in which men are taught to rely upon themselves, and fully to develop all their talents. This is why we advocate workers' controls and comprehensive schools; and that is why we reject all class systems whether based on wealth, birth or intellect.

Moreover, we think that only in a self-reliant society will men be able to enjoy full and wide relations with other human beings. We are convinced that this is one of the essentials of a full life, and that only when it is possible will men be able fully to experience the love for each other which all humanists have advocated. We believe that, if such a society is not constructed, mankind will destroy itself, for the problems of today can be solved only if society encourages men to live compassionate and self-reliant lives. We know that the responsibility for constructing such a society must ultimately depend on us.

JASPER UNGOED-THOMAS

3456 Electionaire Jones

I'D my foot in the door when she came shirt-waisted, up-fronted and sultry into the passageway, smooching forward, her walk made lopsided by the absence of one heel of the stilettos. Peering in there, nobody up to my little game, I gave a slow callous grin at her maimed crab-like advance. Anarchy was knocking on the door of Chaos.

'Yes?' she said. She didn't sound half-witted. 'They've all been,' she said.

I gave a broad come-on chuckle and she opened the door further. The light cut across her face in an unkind way. Figure reminiscent of buds bursting in a hothouse, lush, full and ripe and heat-loving, cheek-bones piled up and hair rioting wantonly all over the place—but bad skin, blotched by cheap powder. Never mind. You can't pick and choose in the Legion.

'Good evening,' I said. 'I don't think I've got your name on my list?'

'Jones,' she said. 'Mrs . . . er, Mrs Tina. . . .'

'Excellent!' I made a little note.

She looked up pertly enough now that the note-taking gimmick was established. She was about to say something, but I couldn't let her.

'And your husband?'

'On sea.'

I raised the right eyebrow, no more than a flicker, nothing disapproving, you understand, just a bristle of the hairs on the right, a smile cutting in quickly, and then smoothly: 'And you occupy the house alone?'

'Well . . .' she hesitated.

I'd worked it a bit fine. She drew herself up on the one heel. I tried the teeth routine—not too flashing a smile, a friendly pamphleteering grin in close-up, so as she could see I was a gent. But the aggression didn't quite disappear. BO too. I caught a niff.

'The last one that come here didn't ask so many questions—*he* done all the talking.'

It would have to be the gent routine. Pity. But no chances. I was hungry. Also skint.

'Madam, or Mrs Jones rather, perhaps they're not quite so interested *in you*?'

She slipped off the shoe with the missing heel.

'Or your problems,' I said, my arm right out now on her elbow—never miss a trick, me!—and she wilted.

'You're not like you look on the posters,' she said over her shoulder. She beckoned and then hobbled down the passage into the interior. (Damn good legs too. If you like them irregular.)

Puts you on a spot that question. Always had to think fast. The *he* on the poster might have been before, *he* might have 'called personal', as we say in the trade. That would have knackered it straight away. And then there was a limit to what people would take in the way of explanations about poor printing, photographs never flattering, or quickies like, 'I don't *always* wear glasses, you know.'

I said: 'Well, I'm the agent, you see.'

Smart this. Nobody knows what the hell the agent looks like.

But then she sounded quite disappointed. I went right up to her, put my hand on the flesh beside the funny bone. Gave it a squeeze.

'It would mean a lot to me,' I put my lips together, paused, counted, niffed, 'if you had no cause to worry.'

That worked. While she was out in the pantry—

LIFE'S QUITE RELAXING...

Perhaps because in many ways it's so much easier today. Thanks to new materials and better ways of making those already well known, there's more time to spare for everyone. Ten years ago, for example, washing and ironing clothes took up a sizeable part of the housewife's day, and mending nets was a regular time-waster for fishermen. I.C.I.'s 'Terylene' has changed all that. This remarkable synthetic fibre is as happy in easy-to-care-for clothes as in fishing nets and cordage, and its great strength and immunity to rot, sunlight and weathering are finding it new uses in industry every day. 'Alkathene' is another I.C.I. product that makes for easier living. Farmers have been released from the back-breaking task of carrying water to their stock since water could be piped through easily laid tubes of this versatile material, and the same plastic in the form of colourful kitchenware is lightening and brightening housework throughout the world. Wherever you look, the story's the same: new plastics, new dyestuffs, new metals, new chemicals of every kind from I.C.I. are saving time and allowing hard-working people everywhere the opportunity for the occasional, well-earned yawn.

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there was gin but she couldn't drink it without ginger, and I was too skint even to go out and buy ginger, so we had tea – I cased the parlour. Jewellery – nix. Furs – nix. Disposables Grade One – nix. There was left a record player, TV, electric hair-dryer and whatever ready there was loose – not much, I reckoned. But, as they say, the first £1,000 is the hardest and there was the side interest of the place to shack up if the going was as good as that walk to the passage suggested. All in all, we could do business.

I switched on.

'One of the first things I want to deal with – would you think it awfully familiar if I called you Tina? – I mean I do want to get to know you as a person. . . . You don't mind? Good. No really, I am concerned with the problem of those whose dear ones are far away. . . .'

No register on this.

'I mean Old Age Pensioners, Nationalisation, Suez . . . all very well for the House, but here, now, *in this room*, what matters – do I have to say more?'

Apparently I had to. No dice. Changed the line.

'Then there's tax, crippling. . . .'

Nothing doing.

'Honey,' I said; 'I could really *go* for you!'

Straight up. I did. Come out with it flat. Always a time when it pays, the old arm well in there under the elbow ready for a quick pincer, and there's me going down into the mash, BO and all. Can't resist the pang at not spotting it from the outset. That shirt waist, walk, the one heel missing. Then she came up with a bright one.

'Is this always on your programme?'

'Always.'

'But I don't know what party you are?'

A slow, conciliatory chuckle. We should get on to food in a minute. Then kip. Money next, get a pram around for the movables? We'll see.

'Party?'

'You don't sound like Labour.'

'Oh well. . . .'

'And I know the Tory.'

(See what a black I could've put up?)

'Can't we forget politics, Tina? Don't forget I'm on it all day.'

When the kettle boiled, and she went to fix it, I got stuck into the fags. Then she wanted to know my name.

'Jones. Isn't it a coincidence?'

'No!'

'Ha ha.'

Often wonder on the job how the voting goes after I've been. Sometimes I carry a few pamphlets, switchable of course, and once I fixed a fuse when somebody came in suddenly and said I was a TU boy – been in electrics all his life. You've got to be a bit two-sided, jack-of-all in this game. One day I'm really going to have to stand.

Well, inside ten minutes I was up in the bedroom, a right dosshouse, paper peeling off, bare boards – the lot. I was waiting for her to put a bob in the gas when I realised it wasn't even a Rowton House do. It went cold on me all of a sudden. There wasn't even sheets, and the lying bitch said she knew the Tory.

So I scarpered. Nicked the fags and scarpered out the window on to this van. You don't have to ask what van, do you? They were fixing up the loudspeaker ready to do up the street legit. Come a cropper all right. The bleeder lassooed me with the wires and now he's got his name all over the paper saying he's against the cat. Hypocritical bastard. Don't know anybody wants a good agent in about three years, do you? Somebody who knows what the voters want? Always say I've been in the Legion.

ALUN RICHARDS

On using one's loaf

IF ONE came in through the Rory O'Moore and sat down to dine with one's trouble and strife at the Cain and Abel, one would be in a proper two and eight if one found there was no Uncle Fred, wouldn't one?

Which just goes to show how necessary it is for one to use one's loaf and remember always to have plenty of good fresh bread in the house. Not only is it a desirable gastronomic accompaniment, it is also an indispensable dietary element (we do know the high falutin' words too, you see). The latest statistics* show that in the average diet, bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more iron and more of the two important vitamins B_1 and niacin than any other single food.

So although bread is the cheapest basic food you can get, it's also the best, in terms of food value per penny. Make sure your family eats plenty of good fresh bread every day.

**National Food Survey 1958*

In 1958, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 22·7% of the energy; 24·4% of the protein; 29·6% of the Vitamin B_1; 27·7% of the niacin; and 25·8% of the iron.

Note:—*All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour:* Vitamin B_1—*not less than 0·24 milligrams.* Niacin—*not less than 1·66 milligrams.* Iron—*not less than 1·65 milligrams.*

ISSUED BY
THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON ST., LONDON, S.W.1

The Arts and Entertainment

What the Public Wants

THERE'S no doubt who won the television election. *Dotto*, with the Labour Party running a close second.

I would like to offer the following piece of evidence to the political coroners. Last week I decided to do some fieldwork on the election programmes in a suburban pub. The television lounge was populated by a crowd of youths, just touching voting age, who had spent a comfortable evening sipping lager and lime and watching Hancock. They were genuinely affronted when the election programme came on. One minute they were singing contentedly, 'The Esso sign means happy motoring,' and the next they were on their feet shouting abuse. Four adults, sitting with their backs to the television set, turned round idly to see what the row was about, then resumed their drinking. A man came to the door carrying a glass of stout in each hand, called, 'It's only the television mention' over his shoulder, and went out again. The youths switched over to the other channel and then, seeing the same blank politicians face, pulled the plug out of its socket.

What else did we expect? The election broadcasts, taken as a series, were aimed at some mythical, moon-faced Mr Brown of London Town, just home from night-school with the bicycle clips jingling in his pocket, comparing manifestoes as though he were choosing a new roll of lino for the scullery. Alone among the parties, Labour seemed to sense, dimly, that it had among its viewers a large and frightening audience of floaters, the burgomasters of telesociety, in whom the average political broadcast arouses not interest, or indifference, but anger and contempt.

This hostility, in my view, has heightened, not lessened, with the growth of television. In the old BBC days, when broadcasting was a sort of ethereal soup-kitchen, political programmes were passively accepted as part of the deal, like prayers at the Sunday school treat. With the coming of the commercials the public has grown more aware of itself as a market and more arrogant in its demands. Labour's individual success was due to the fact that it realised that television is the master and not the servant of those who appear on it; the failure of the election programmes in general is due to the fact that the other parties didn't. We need only compare the last two programmes – Labour's on Monday, the Tories' on Tuesday. On the one hand, a fast-running show with plenty of movement in it, hook-ups to Wales, the Midlands and the North, and a seven-minute talk by a leader who had taken the trouble to brush up his television personality. This was television – not brilliant television, but television. On the other hand, we had Mr Macmillan making a speech. So far as those youths in the pub were concerned, the Tories might as well have put on an old film of Neville Chamberlain. It was mere electioneering – television used as a politician's perk, like free mailing facilities for the election addresses. Useless for Mr Christopher Chataway, brought into one Tory programme in a doomed effort to give it that *Panorama* air, to protest that the Tories would not copy the techniques used by Labour; useless for Mr Grimond to boast that he was going to give us 'an unprofessional performance'. Mr Chataway knows that a professional performance is what viewers expect and, furthermore, it is what they are entitled to, and, furthermore, they will switch off, as the TAM-ratings show, if they don't get it.

Labour's programmes have been criticised, of course. They have been called slick, which I am glad to say they were. Some of Labour's own supporters have claimed that the party – in the personæ of Wedgwood Benn, Mayhew and Woodrow Wyatt – was projecting an image of public-school Socialism to the exclusion of the cloth cap and banner stuff. I think this public-school charge has been rather overdone. Viewers are, after all, quite used to people pronouncing their aitches these days, and in any case the Benn-Mayhew-Wyatt accents were quite neutral, even common, compared with the upper-class baying of people like Lords Poole and Hailsham, who kept saying 'orf' and 'realitay' and 'menegement'. But the real point, once again, is that the team came over not as politicians but as broadcasters. I doubt whether one viewer in a thousand thought of that smooth young man as the Labour candidate for SE Bristol.

On the other side of the Labour coin is the claim that Labour succeeded because they were speaking to viewers in their own tongue, in 'homely language that the people can understand'. This isn't true either. What they were talking was *mass-communication*, the language evolved by newspapers and adapted by television, a kind of

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social esperanto spoken by nobody but understood by all. The ability of practically all the Labour people who appeared on television to speak this language is a feather in the party's cap.

So much for the party broadcasts. I think it will prove that the most important election coverage came from the BBC and ITN news bulletins, which take just about equal honours. They did finally succeed in carrying the ding-dong into our homes, thus heightening interest in the election. The most significant fact, however, is that after a long diet of selective election reporting from the newspapers, nine million families had the election news delivered to them, for the first time, untouched by hand. This fact in itself could alter the whole pattern of electioneering. Thank you and good night, Lord Hailsham.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

From Umbria to the Moon

AFTER the recent BBC production of Brecht's *Galileo* I was thinking about the scientist's social predicament. And it struck me then how different the artist's predicament is. The scientist can either reveal or hide the facts which, supporting his new hypothesis, take him nearer to the truth. If he has to fight, he can fight with his back to the evidence. But for the artist the truth is variable. He deals only with the particular version, the particular way of looking that he has selected. The artist has nothing to put his back against – except his own decisions.

It is this arbitrary and personal element in art which makes it so difficult for us to be certain that we are accurately following the artist's own calculations or fully understanding the sequence of his reasoning. Before most works of art, as with trees, we can see and assess only a section of the whole: the roots are invisible. Today this mysterious element is exploited and abused. Many contemporary works are almost entirely subterranean. And so it is refreshing and encouraging to look at the work of the man who probably hid less than any other artist ever: Piero della Francesca.

Berenson praises 'the ineloquence' of Piero's paintings:

> In the long run, the most satisfactory creations are those which, like Piero's and Cézanne's, remain ineloquent, mute, with no urgent communication to make, and no thought of rousing us with look or gesture.

This ineloquence is true so far as Piero's protagonists are concerned. But in inverse ratio to how little his paintings say in terms of drama, they say volumes about the working of his own mind. I don't mean they reveal his psychology. They reveal the processes of his conscious thought. They are open lessons in the logic of creating order. And possibly the inverse ratio exists because, just as the aim of the machine is economy of effort, the aim of systematic thought is economy of thought. Anyway it remains true that before a Piero you can be quite sure that any correspondence or coincidence which you discover is deliberate. Everything has been calculated. Interpretations have changed, and will change again. But the elements of the painting have been fixed for good and with comprehensive forethought.

If, as I have just done, you study all Piero's major works, their internal evidence will lead you to this conclusion. But there is also external evidence. We know that Piero worked exceptionally slowly. We know he was a mathematician as well as a painter, and that at the end of his life, when he was too blind to paint, he published two mathematical treatises. We can also compare his works to those of his assistants: the works of the latter are equally undemonstrative, but this instead of making them portentous, makes them lifeless. Life in Piero's art is born of his unique power of calculation.

This may at first sound coldly cerebral. However, let us look further – at the *Resurrection* in Piero's home town of San Sepolcro. When the door of the small, rather scruffy municipal hall is first opened and you see this fresco between two fictitious, painted pillars, opening out in front of you, your instinct is somehow to freeze. Your hush has nothing to do with any ostentatious reverence before art or Christ. It is because looking between the pillars you become aware of time and space being locked in a perfect equilibrium. You stay still for the same reason as you do when you are watching a tight-rope walker – the equilibrium is that fine. Yet how? Why? Would a diagram of the structure of a crystal affect you in the same way? No. There is more here than abstract harmony. The images convincingly represent men, trees, hills, helmets, stones. And one knows that such things grow, develop and have a life of their own, just as one knows that the acrobat can fall. Consequently, when here their forms are made to exist in perfect correspondence, you can only feel that all that has previously occurred to them, has occurred in preparation for this presented moment. Such a painting makes the present the apex of the whole past. Just as the very basic theme of poetry is that of time passing, the very basic theme of painting is that of the moment made permanent.

This is one of the reasons why Piero's calculations were not so cold, why – when we notice how the left soldier's helmet echoes the hill behind him, how the same irregular shield-shape occurs about ten times throughout the painting (count them), or how Christ's staff marks in ground plan the point of the angle formed by the two lines of trees – why we are not merely fascinated but profoundly moved. Yet it is not the only reason. Piero's patient and silent calculations went much further than the pure harmonics of design.

Look, for instance, at the overall composition of this work. Its centre, though not of course its true centre, is Christ's hand, holding his robe as he rises up. The hand furrows the material with emphatic force. This is no casual gesture. It appears to be central to Christ's whole upward movement out of the tomb. The hand, resting on the knee, also rests on the brow of the first line of hills behind, and the folds of the robe flow down like streams. Downwards. Look now at the soldiers so mundanely, so convincingly asleep. Only the one on the extreme right appears somewhat awkward. His legs, his arm between them, his curved back are understandable. Yet how can he rest like that just on one arm? This apparent awkwardness gives a clue. He looks as though he were lying in an invisible hammock. Strung from

The London Magazine

★ The October Number, now on sale[1] (3s. 6d.), has one main contribution only, a major literary event: a new long story by **Christopher Isherwood, MR. LANCASTER,** the first he has written since *Prater Violet*. The scene of Mr. Lancaster's tragi-comic attempt to establish relations with his young cousin from England is a harbour city in North Germany, and the time is 1928.

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where? Suddenly go back to the hand, and now see that all four soldiers lie in an invisible net, trawled by that hand. The emphatic grip makes perfect sense. The four heavy sleeping soldiers are the catch the resurrecting Christ has brought with him from the underworld, from Death. As I said, Piero went far beyond the pure harmonies of design.

There is in all his work an aim behind his calculations. This aim could be summed up in the same way as Henri Poincaré once described the aim of mathematics:

> Mathematics is the art of giving the same name to different things . . . When language has been well chosen one is astonished to find that all demonstrations made for a known object apply immediately to many new objects.

Piero's language is visual, not mathematical. It is well chosen because it is based on the selection of superb drawing. Nevertheless, when he connects, by means of composition, a foot with the base of a tree, a foreshortened face with a foreshortened hill, or sleep with death, he does so in order to emphasise their common factors – or, more accurately still, to emphasise the extent to which they are subject to the same physical laws. His special concern with space and perspective is dependent on this aim. The necessity of existing in space is the first common factor. And this is why perspective had so deep a *content* for Piero. For nearly all his contemporaries it remained a technique of painting.

His 'ineloquence', as already hinted, is also connected with the same aim. He paints everything in the same way so that the common laws which govern them may be more easily seen. The correspondences in Piero's works are endless. He did not have to invent them, he only had to find them. Cloth to flesh, hair to foliage, a finger to a leg, a tent to a womb, men to women, dress to architecture, folds to water – but somehow the list misses the point. Piero is not dealing in metaphors – although the poet in this respect is not so far removed from the scientist: he is dealing in common causes. He explains the world. All the past has led to this moment. And the laws of this convergence are the true content of his art.

Or so it seems. But in fact how could this be possible? A painting is not a treatise. The logic of its measuring is different. Science in the second half of the fifteenth century lacked many concepts and much information which we now find necessary. So how is it that Piero remained convincing, whilst his contemporary astronomers have not?

Look again at Piero's faces, the ones that watch us. Nothing corresponds to their eyes. Their eyes are separate and unique. It is as though everything around them, the landscape, their own faces, the nose between them, the hair above them, belonged to the explicable, indeed the already explained world: and as though these eyes were looking from the outside through two slits on to this world. And there is our last clue – in the unwavering, speculative eyes of Piero's watchers. What in fact he is painting is a state of mind. He paints what the world would be like if we could fully explain it, if we could be entirely at one with it. He is the supreme painter of *knowledge*. As acquired through the methods of science, or – and this makes more sense than seems likely – as acquired through happiness. During the centuries when science was considered the antithesis of art, and art the antithesis of well-being, Piero was ignored. Today we need him again.

JOHN BERGER

The Mirror and the Arena

FRIEDRICH DURRENMATT is one of those strange continental authors who can do everything. He has written short stories, a novel, stage and radio dramas; he is part philosopher, part theologian, tragedian, satirist and plain slap-sticker; he is young (38), Swiss and, of course, virtually unperformed in this country. This is a pity since, on the evidence of *The Marriage of Mr Mississippi* (The Arts), he is a prodigiously clever man with a liveliness of mind so extreme that at times it seems to resemble nothing so much as the elation of a manic-depressive. But after all, dramatists with any kind of mind are so rare on the English stage that we can hardly complain of a faint and occasional note of hysteria. In *The Marriage* the sheer pressure of invention is positively awesome. He uses every trick of the modern stage: his characters are continually buttonholing the audience; they break off in the middle of the action to discuss their own motives or to lambast the author; there are whole scenes in *oratio obliqua*; time and place are destroyed as the period of the costumes changes from scene to scene, or walls and windows appear and disappear. At first it seems not so much a play as an enormously elaborate charade.

Despite all this, the work comes across strong and serious for the good reason that Dürrenmatt's cleverness never relaxes in intensity. It is always at the service of a peculiarly savage morality. He wears his morals, however, with a difference: though he may feel terribly strongly about ideas, he can't stand human beings. So his characters are not people, they are forces: Authority, the Revolutionary Principle, Sex, Political Corruption

Ask yourself, as tomorrow morning you unfold your morning paper: is this the right paper for the man I wish to be? No newspaper is quite like any other. Men are of all sorts, and so are the newspapers that are written for them. There are pompous papers for pompous people, superficial papers for superficial people.

The Guardian is a lively paper for lively-minded people. It steers a steady course between sensationalism on the one hand and stuffiness on the other. It is reverent where reverence is due, but thumbs its nose when nose-thumbing is the only eloquent gesture.

If you are proud of your own intelligent attitude to life, you should take a paper you are proud to read.

THE
GUARDIAN

and, by way of moral relief, a drunk who is 'nailed to the cross of (his) absurdity . . . a last Christian'. Dürrenmatt manipulates them with perfect impartiality: he hates the lot, except perhaps the misfired saint, who may inspire in him a vaguely contemptuous pity but is at least allowed to pass judgment on the rest. 'Animals! Animals!' he cries. And that, apparently, is final.

Dürrenmatt drives his destructiveness and invention to such a pitch that he seems, in the process, to be taking experimental theatre to its logical conclusion. In his hands drama no longer concerns itself with holding a mirror up to nature, it is no longer an art by which experience is fixed down and judged; it is, instead, an arena for abstract debate. *The Marriage*, as one of the characters remarks, is about 'what happens when certain ideas impinge on people who *will* take them seriously'. Only the ideas count; the people are, at best, merely useful. And this is why Dürrenmatt, for all his seriousness, is continually lapsing into farce: since life is fitful, haphazard, inconclusive, to make it subject to an absolute logic is to bring it to the edge of lunacy. Dürrenmatt, in short, makes his art out of a peculiarly continental vice: that of café talk, which derives all its form, cogency and fascination from the fact that it exists only at the level of abstraction, never to be tested by reality. So Dürrenmatt plays with concepts, juggles them, argues them out to their impossible ends. But instead of being content with mere talk, talk, he gives his ideas names as improbable as their conclusions: Frédéric René Saint-Claude, Florestan Mississippi, Olympia, Graf Wilhelm von Uberlohe-Zabernsee. So the talk is acted out in front of us. The manic glint in the eye of the obsessive coffee-house logician is transformed into the springs of a dramatic action, and the result is a curiously logical anarchy. In another age Dürrenmatt would have been a brilliant debating theologian in the disputing, chop-logic style.

Clifford Williams has directed the play with speed and precision, if not with much stylistic invention. John Ringham, as the abject saint, strikes the right note of pitiable idealism. But the other three leads – Douglas Wilmer, Edwin Richfield and Patricia Kneale – are too deliberately self-parodying and overarticulated. Dürrenmatt makes his strange points so incisively that there is no need for the actors to be continually nudging us, as though to make sure we understand. But all praise to The Arts for putting it on; *The Marriage of Mr Mississippi* is an extraordinary piece of work and should be seen.

A. ALVAREZ

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HEINEMANN

Anatomy of Justice

THE courtroom is no less of a natural as a setting for indoor films than the Wild West for outdoor films, and for much the same reasons. They are alike in providing both an arena for action and rules governing action that are as formal and ritualistic as those of a tournament, a circus, or a game of chess: in particular, the individual combat, fought according to firmly established rules, between opposing attorneys has precisely the same disciplined excitement as that between rival professional gunfighters. It is, therefore, not surprising that the rise of the offbeat western, the 'psychological' western, the western with 'shaded' characters, and the western which itself calls in question the conventions of the genre, has been paralleled in recent examples of court-room drama, such as *Twelve Angry Men, Compulsion,* and even *Witness for the Prosecution.* Like the western, the court-room film has moved from its classic into its mannerist phase.

Nowhere have this new sophistication and self-conscious search for innovation been more evident than in Otto Preminger's *Anatomy of a Murder* (Columbia Theatre). It is unusual in its astonishing candour about the anatomy of a rape, unusual in the complexity of the personality of the judge and in its choice of a real-life judge to play the part, unusual in its extreme, perhaps gratuitous, elaboration of the issues involved in the case, and unusual in its inconclusiveness. It is inconclusive about such side-issues as the behaviour and motives of the barman on the night of the murder. And it is inconclusive about the central issue: the murderer is supposed to have killed a man who had beaten up and raped his wife, but there is much to suggest that she had been compliant and that he had beaten her up himself before going off to kill her seducer.

The one thing that does not seem inconclusive is the question of the prisoner's guilt. His plea of temporary insanity must seem to any audience utterly phoney (regardless of whether we think there was a rape or a seduction). However pleased we may be that he gets off scot free, because we may not like him but we love James Stewart who defends him, we must feel there has been a miscarriage of justice, produced by legal and rhetorical skill. Thus the most offbeat thing of all about this film is its total cynicism about the processes of law. (It shows a subsidiary cynicism about the competence of psychiatrists: two psychiatrists disagree as to whether or not the murderer killed under the stress of an 'irresistible impulse', but agree that he is not in the ordinary way a neuro or a psycho, yet any filmgoer trained on recent Hollywood movies would recognise this character, played by Ben Gazzara, as a paranoiac.)

The film's point, then, it seems to me is to show the unrelatedness of law to reality. Wise and subtle though he is, the judge evidently can't prevent the jury from succumbing to the lawyer who, regardless of the facts, outfoxes his adversary (and outhams him): a trial is not a search for truth but a battle of wits. Likewise our sympathies and antipathies are concerned not with the characters involved in the crime but only with the gladiators in the legal contest and their seconds, and with the referee. The law is concerned with artistry, not reality. Which brings me back to my point about attorneys and hired gunmen. Apropos of which, the ominous way George C. Scott is brought on to the scene to reinforce the prosecution and sits suavely waiting and watching to take over when the heat is on, reminded me of Jack Palance in *Shane*. The manner his profile is photographed makes me wonder whether the same thought didn't occur to the director.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Bombs, With Love

ON the way to the Berlin Festival: a performance by the Frankfurt Städtische Buhnen of Brecht's *Schweyk im zweiten Weltkrieg,* with music by Hanns Eisler, sets by Theo Otto, and production by Harry Buchwitz. It is good to see in West Germany a play that demonstrates so clearly the inter-dependence of the iron fist and the wooden head, the licked boot and the kick in the teeth. It is fine to see anywhere a production of such precision, intelligence and theatrical sensitivity. Had any one of these qualities been less active the play would have suffered greatly, above all, in the relationship of size to content. Lasting nearly three hours, and involving numerous 'extreme' changes of scene, the play must yet retain its intimate character. One false step and the sheer scale of it all would become pretentious. But on this occassion the use of a stage that not only revolves but retracts was dignified by Theo Otto's faultless sets, and the producer was free to elucidate the real inner character of the play.

Brecht intended his *Schweyk* to be a 'counter-piece' to his *Mutter Courage,* and its line of attack is accordingly very different. This is not simply a matter of substituting peasant humour for tragic irony; it affects the whole dramatic texture. Whereas *Mutter Courage* is something in the nature of a Concerto, *Schweyk* is essentially chamber music. Yet the two plays arrive at the same final cadence. Schweyk, 'so innocent that he is arrested', is in fact as blatantly opportunist as Mother Courage, in defending his own indefensible position – the position of the small and weak in the face of world events beyond their control. Just as Mother Courage justifies her opportunism and wins our sympathy by her ceaseless concern for her family, so does Schweyk earn some redemption by his sly buffoonery at the expense of the Nazi invaders. In verbal battles he wins many a medal – not least when he tells the Gestapo chief who wants a dog that 'racially impure' dogs are wiser, so it will be easier for him to steal a more elegant pedigree dog.

Although Brecht draws freely on scenes, and even phrases, in Hasek's novel *The Good Soldier Schweik,* his conception of this most unheroic hero is quite unlike Hasek's. But the new Schweyk is equally appealing, and it is obvious that Hanns Ernst Jäger's virtuoso performance of the title-role at Frankfurt is partly responsible for the production's great success with the public. In so far as this is a star performance, it might seem to be contrary to Brecht's theatrical ideals.

But there are balancing elements. The predominance of Schweyk is to some extent counteracted by his friend Baloun and by the innkeeper, Frau Kopecka. The interplay of these three characters, the other townsfolk, and the Nazi elements is magnificently controlled by the producer (whose long experience of Brecht is everywhere apparent) and the playing of every role, even the smallest, is managed with loving care.

There remains one element – the Interludes in the 'higher regions' occupied by Hitler and his henchmen – which seems to contradict the 'chamber-musical' texture of the play. Apparently Eisler originally set these to music, in a kind of Wagnerian parody. This might well have ensured a more effective kind of stylisation than the direct imitation of Hitler's harangue manner which was adopted at Frankfurt. But perhaps it would have been too much to ask of a German audience, at any rate a non-musical one. As it was, the audience's grasps of recognition and laughter were almost as instructive as Brecht's text.

And what of Eisler's score? It consists of four recorded Intermezzi for large orchestra, seven Songs (in the Brechtian sense of the word) and one chorus for tank soldiers, *Das deutsche Miserere*. There are also some admirable folk-song arrangement. Although nothing of any great musical importance is called for, the score has a variety of manner, a clarity of wit, and an intensity of feeling that place it far above the average theatre score. The intermezzi range with complete naturalness from an early Schoenbergian manner to a folk-style roughly akin to that of Janáček. The songs, sung with remarkable assurance (especially by Lola Müthel as Frau Kopecka) are accompanied by a pianola, used with real fantasy.

Despite its debt to Weill, Eisler's song style has a very marked character of its own, particularly in its rhythmic contractions and its subtle tempo-relationships. However, subtlety is not always a feature of the expressive content, and the musical structure of the play suffers from the somewhat unconvincing nature of its repeated theme-song, *Das Lied von der Moldau*. The theme deliberately quotes the first few notes of Smetana's *Moldau*, but this is a hackneyed gesture, and the subsequent treatment is too obviously inferior to Smetana's own to justify the device. Much more successful is the ironic and literate treatment of the illiterate Horst Wessel Song. The best of the songs is the *Lied von Schwartzen Rettich* (Song of the black radish), sung with suppressed fury by Baloun for the benefit of an SS-man. With its unnerving chromatic alterations of simple diatonic harmony, the song has something of the force of Eisler's best political songs of the Thirties. In its combination of folk-like naivety and a maturely justifiable aggression, it is worthy of Brecht's aims in this play, where the most oblique irony can carry the most direct truth. There is a moment when Schweyk hears from the Gestapo chief that an attempt on Hitler's life has been unsuccessful: the bomb did not explode. Schweyk, tongue in peasant cheek, bemoans these days of mass-production and complains that articles which used to be hand-made are no longer made with love.

Brecht made his bombs with love.

DAVID DREW

The Great Orchestra (Calder, 50s.) is the Vienna Philharmonic. It opens with a brief history of the orchestra since its foundation. But the bulk of the book consists of photographs of eminent musicians – composers, conductors, artists; Brahms, Bruckner, Mahler, Richard Strauss, Richter, Backhaus, Weingartner, Bruno Walter, Furtwängler, Toscanini, among others.

Correspondence

KEEP THE BOMB

SIR,—'Don't ban the bomb' is my slogan. To do so would be to remove the only stabilizing factor in world events. The political effect of the H-bomb has been to transform warfare into a truly democratic institution, encompassing all, irrespective of title, position or wealth. This development has presented Mr Krushchev with a fundamental choice. Either he can accept the responsibility of impressing upon other nations the necessity of universal disarmament, or he can simply press the button that indicates World War III, and universal annihilation. Krushchev's recent tour of USA suggests that he has adopted the first of these alternatives—a policy to which there must be a positive Western response. The least that can be said for either East or West choosing the other course, is that those who started it would not escape; the best, that for the majority of ordinary people, death would come quicker than it did to the trench-fighters of World War I. To retain conventional weapons whilst banning nuclear weapons, would re-create those conditions as part of 'civilised warfare'.

The H-bomb is a star above the world, not a shadow, offering more chance of security, peace and plenty to men, than any creed, pact or power has been able to provide hitherto.

P. B. KERSHAW

44 Ellice St
Wellington
New Zealand

COMMUNISTS IN THE UNIONS

SIR,—Mr Goodwin's letter in your issue of 3 October will have given satisfaction in King Street. His plea or the election of trade union officials without regard for their political allegiance is just the line that the Communist Party has been peddling for years—mercifully without much success.

A Communist trade union official is a Communist first and a trade unionist second. The higher his ability and popularity, the greater his value to his party, *not* to his union. It has been pointed out over and over again, and as Mr Goodwin's letter shows it cannot be repeated too often, that the Communist Party is out to win political power and as a first step it must gain control of the mass organisations, of which the trade union movement is one of the most vital. A Communist trade union official aspires to a great deal more than being 'a firm but realistic negotiator'. This sort of reputation is an extremely valuable one to have, and well the Communists know it. But this reputation should not blind us to the realities of the political doctrine in which they believe, nor inhibit us from voting them out of office.

Mr Goodwin argues that 'experience, record and ability' should be the only basis for selecting officials. No one in their right senses would vote for inexperienced or incapable officials. But to ignore their political affiliations would in fact risk handing over the whole British trade union movement, not to democratic Socialists of proved experience and ability like Mr W. J. Carron, but to men who regard the unions solely as a means of securing power.

Incidentally, Mr Conway, who defeated Crane, has an outstanding record of experience and ability and it was this rather than his being an anti-Communist which resulted in his victory. The election of a Communist, Mr Ambrose, to the same position held by Mr Crane clearly indicates that an anti-Communist ticket alone is not sufficient to ensure election.

When the Executive Committee of the Communist Party can declare as it did in January 1959 that one of its immediate aims is 'to secure and extend the leading positions of Communists in the trade unions', does Mr Goodwin suppose that it desires

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[NCT 1110]

nothing more than to win more pay and shorter hours for the British worker? If so, he is naive indeed. Communist penetration of a trade union is only the first step on a ladder which leads, via Communist control of the union to a 'People's Democracy' in Britain on the model of Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Albania. Trade unionists who want their elected representatives to concentrate on securing improved conditions irrespective of political ambitions would be wise to use their votes accordingly.

E. J. WALSH

35 Worcester Road
Sutton

JOBS FOR TEENAGERS

SIR,—The main problem which worries the parents of school-leavers, and youth employment officers is the national overall shortage of craft apprenticeships and the deficiencies in the quality of training—at a time when the country is short of skilled workers. This is not a problem peculiar to the 'bulge' years. For the last five years at least, even when there were more jobs than boys, this shortage of openings has existed, except in a few unpopular trades and a few places. Mr Mallalieu's implication that a few years ago there were large numbers of boys going into unskilled jobs purely for the money just isn't true. There were some, of course, but during my seven years as a youth employment officer the majority of school-leavers have been touchingly un-mercenary. The mercenary stage comes later, when they start courting.

A small point: it is impossible for youngsters to be 'on unemployment benefit for many months at the very beginning of their careers'. No one can draw benefit until he has worked at least 26 weeks.

In the city where I work we have had no cases this summer of 16-year-old boys getting a 'coveted' certificate and then finding that 'the job (they) had hoped for is not there'. It may have happened in other places and it may happen in the future. Our boys have not necessarily got their first choice of job. For example, radio and TV apprenticeships are very popular among the young, so much so that even with much-needed reforms there would not be enough to go round. But the boys who stayed an extra year at their modern or comprehensive schools have got craft apprenticeships—in many cases in firms which a few years ago would have taken 15-year-olds. The boys who are having a really difficult time just now are the brighter 15-year-old leavers, and it is their potential skill which may go to waste.

Last week's letter from R. B. misses the main point. We Youth Employment Officers certainly could give more help to the Llanelly type of boy if we were better staffed, etc., but even if our placing work were 100 per cent. (at present it is nationally about 40 per cent.) we could not substantially create craft apprenticeships which are not there. We can and do create a few by nattering employers. This is a job for government to tackle, and heaven help the lads if it does not. The Tory policy of exhorting industry to mend its naughty ways has produced no results which can be seen by the naked eye.

May I advise your readers to study the Labour Party's report, *The Younger Generation*, chapter 4, which contains some good *constructive* suggestions for dealing with the problems of the school-leavers and the deficiencies of the Youth Employment Service.

K. M. A.

NOISY MOTORBIKES

SIR,—The chief constable of Scotland (where the anti-noise campaign is being conducted) stated that the campaign was not directed against motorcyclists in particular but against all noisy road vehicles. He went on to say that, in his view, the vast majority of motorcycles were driven both expertly and reasonably.

Secondly, in the first few weeks of September about 40 cases of this type went before the courts in Southend and only 10 of them concerned motorcycles.

Finally, Critic might be interested in some figures recorded on the 'noise-meter' by the police. All figures are in decibels and a recording of over 95 can result in a prosecution.

Ford 10 car (cruising)	79
Two mopeds together	77
Heavy lorry (accelerating)	88
Lightweight motorcycle (cruising) ..	75
Two cars together *or* double-deck bus	82
British Road Services van	90
Old motorcycle with pillion passenger (accelerating)	90
Scooter	84

A large German B.M.W. (noted for the excellence of its design), when being thrashed unmercifully, gave a reading of 93, while normal riding showed only 75. Surely the figures speak for themselves?

R. WINDSOR

Grosvenor House, Ballure Road
Ramsey, Isle of Man

THE STATE AND THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—Mr Peter Winch's arguments certainly have an elastic quality. He starts off by speaking of the importance of 'independent inquiry', but then he stresses the 'co-operative nature of higher education', and finally concludes that 'original thinking' is impossible without research facilities'! He is obviously much more of a collectivist at heart than most of us.

My letter was designed to suggest one way of meeting the increased demand for university graduates. But I see no reason why it should cause any reduction in the amount of research undertaken by university teachers—in fact, quite the contrary. Mr Winch seems to be unaware of two important features of the present situation; first, that Oxbridge tutors are now normally too busy teaching to have any time free for research in term; and secondly, that many lecturers at provincial universities have time for research but no suitable facilities—much less, the 'stimulus of discussion with graduate students'.

HENRY PELLING

The Queen's College
Oxford

STREET OFFENCES

SIR,—I have read the letter you have published from Mr Sewell Stokes with amazement bordering on unbelief. He tells us that the accused person 'was never able satisfactorily to justify . . . his presence at the same spot for that period'. The spot is apparently on Hampstead Heath and the period about thirty minutes. It passes my comprehension that it should be thought right to call upon any person to justify his presence at such a spot for such a period, and yet it is apparently suggested that a person who fails to do so should be convicted of a serious offence and punished severely.

I have, of course, frequently been present at the same spot on Hampstead Heath and in other places for periods greatly exceeding thirty minutes and I should regard it as a gross impertinence and a gross invasion of my privacy if I were called upon to justify such conduct. There is, of course, one simple and obvious justification well known to all of us:

> What is this world if, full of care,
> We have no time to stand and stare?

I have the time and I have the inclination but it seems now to be suggested that I have not the legal right. If I were a cautious or a timid person I think I would not dare to stand and stare, but I prefer to believe that freedom is not yet dead in this country and that if we wish to preserve our rights we must be prepared to fight for them.

Mr Stokes goes on to suggest that it is the duty of the police to keep observation on persons who are present at the same spot for periods of not less than thirty minutes but I cannot think that he is serious. It is certainly the policy of the police to do so but there is all the difference in the world between their duty and their policy. Policemen, of course, are human and they are fallible and as long as they are compelled to waste their time loitering, presumably for hours, on Hampstead Heath watching suspected persons, it seems to me inevitable that they will on occasion invent and fabricate non-existent incidents and offences if only to relieve the tedium of their vigil and, in the words of Mr Stokes, to justify their presence at the same spot for that period.

The situation would be comic if it was not tragic. The remedy is very simple and very obvious. Mr Stokes tells us that the police as a whole would welcome with relief the termination of a degrading duty. It seems, therefore, that we can all be made happy.

BRIAN THOMPSON

69 Palace Court, W2

SIR,—Another recent case of strange police methods on Hampstead Heath has been brought to my attention.

My informant, while crossing the Heath, strained his ankle slightly and sat on a bench. Another man who was on the bench began to sidle up to him, and my informant walked away. The man then lay on the ground in a peculiar attitude and my informant, thinking that he might be ill, went up to him. But since the man was now making undoubtedly inviting gestures, my informant again walked away. The man followed him, and my informant, who has homosexual tendencies which he is normally well able to control, yielded to the extent of touching the man's leg. The man then revealed that he was a police officer, and arrested my informant on a charge of persistently importuning for immoral purposes. They were joined by another policeman who had not hitherto appeared.

In view of his very small degree of guilt, and because he was not in a position to risk publicity, my informant was advised by his lawyer to plead guilty. It was said in evidence that the policemen had observed him approach a number of men, and that he finally approached the policeman and invited him to 'come and play with him'. In fact, he assures me, no other men had been in the vicinity and no word had been spoken. He was duly fined £20 and bound over.

This story is inevitably without independent corroboration, as are the many similar allegations which have been made to us. While one does not believe every tale of wrongful arrest, it is impossible to remain completely incredulous when the same

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methods are described time and time again by victims unacquainted with each other: and in this case I am morally certain that the man was telling the truth. This Society is well aware of the need to prevent public misbehaviour, and we believe that a degree of toleration for private homosexual relationships would reduce the number of such public manifestations. But one is forced to wonder whether there are some policemen who are more concerned to provoke crime than to prevent it.

A. HALLIDIE SMITH,
Secretary.
The Homosexual Law Reform Society
32 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1

SOCIALIST FASHIONS

SIR,—Beryl Moorhouse must eat her hat. That the current British monarch is female demonstrates that sex equality is an element of a local law of succession. That she receives hysteric adulation is a combination of the asexual charismatic attributes of the monarchy itself and of the techniques and content of public relations now in fashion. But that Mrs K. does not have the social status of her husband is a demonstration of effective sex equality.

Nikita K. has social status as First Secretary of the CPSU and Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the USSR. The achievement and titles are *his*. If thereby Mrs K. were to gain social status it would mark her as an inferior chattel which could only be placed in the light of her husband's status; her own personality, quality, etc., would be irrelevant, and I would hardly call that sex equality. Miss Moorhouse will have to get used to the idea that with the advent of sex equality there will no longer be an easy escalator ride for women to higher status because of their mates' prowess.

HARRY BAECKER

4 Leicester Road
Newport,
Monmouth

SENSES OF HUMOUR

SIR,—Last week Vicky drew a cartoon in your magazine showing Macmillan unsighted by a Jasper black eye. In the same issue you accuse the *Evening Standard* of 'dropping to *Der Sturmer* depths' by publishing a cartoon by Michael Cummings that showed Mr Gaitskell and Mr Wilson puzzled because there was a Mr Stanley on the line.

Your sense of humour seems more than usually one-sided. If Vicky is funny, so is Cummings.

CHARLES WINTOUR
Editor
Evening Standard
47 Shoe Lane, EC4

THE MONKEY SCANDAL

SIR,—One was very glad indeed to see the publicity you gave to the newest sufferings involved in the filthy traffic in monkeys from India. All will hope that you continue to keep it covered as such comment from you will certainly be very helpful. India should be directly approached again to cease all traffic, at least until full inquiry can be made and with the co-operation one hopes of the responsible animal societies in all countries concerned. That these inquiries should spread to UN level would surely be the finest thing, for the mass cruelty to animals that takes place now in competitive national experimentation is one of the hidden scandals of the present day.

A. LLOYD SORAN

129 Beaufort St
SW3

POETRY COMPETITION

SIR,—I would be grateful if you could allow me a little of your space to draw attention to a small poetry competition which may possibly enrich one side of contemporary writing.

Before the War W. H. Auden was commissioned to write a poem to accompany the G.P.O. documentary film, *Night Mail*. Jupiter Recordings, which specialises in poetry recordings chiefly intended for use in primary and secondary schools (and which has just recorded *Night Mail*), are anxious to discover other such poems of action or description about a contemporary subject, for inclusion in the next part of their recorded *Anthology for Schools*. To this end they are now offering a prize of 20 guineas for the best unpublished poem of this type received by them before 31 December. The poet will, of course, retain his copyright and receive the usual recording royalties in addition to the small prize: other poems, besides the winning entry, may be recorded if suitable, and will be paid for on a royalty basis

WALLACE SOUTHAM

Jupiter Recordings Ltd
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THIS ENGLAND

SIR,—I have attained to the *summum bonum* of literary notoriety by appearing in your This England feature as the perpetrator of a piece of completely nonsensical parsonic polemic.

Whilst congratulating Jane Hutchings on winning your premier award, I must point out that she is indebted not to me, but to the reporter of the journal from which her gem was mined.

What I did say was that 'we are treading on very dangerous ground if we produce in vast overseas areas like Ghana, Nigeria, Kenya and Uganda only *instructed* people'.

I spent ten years in Nigeria trying to educate boys; and I may say that I even instructed them to further their process of becoming educated by reading the NEW STATESMAN.

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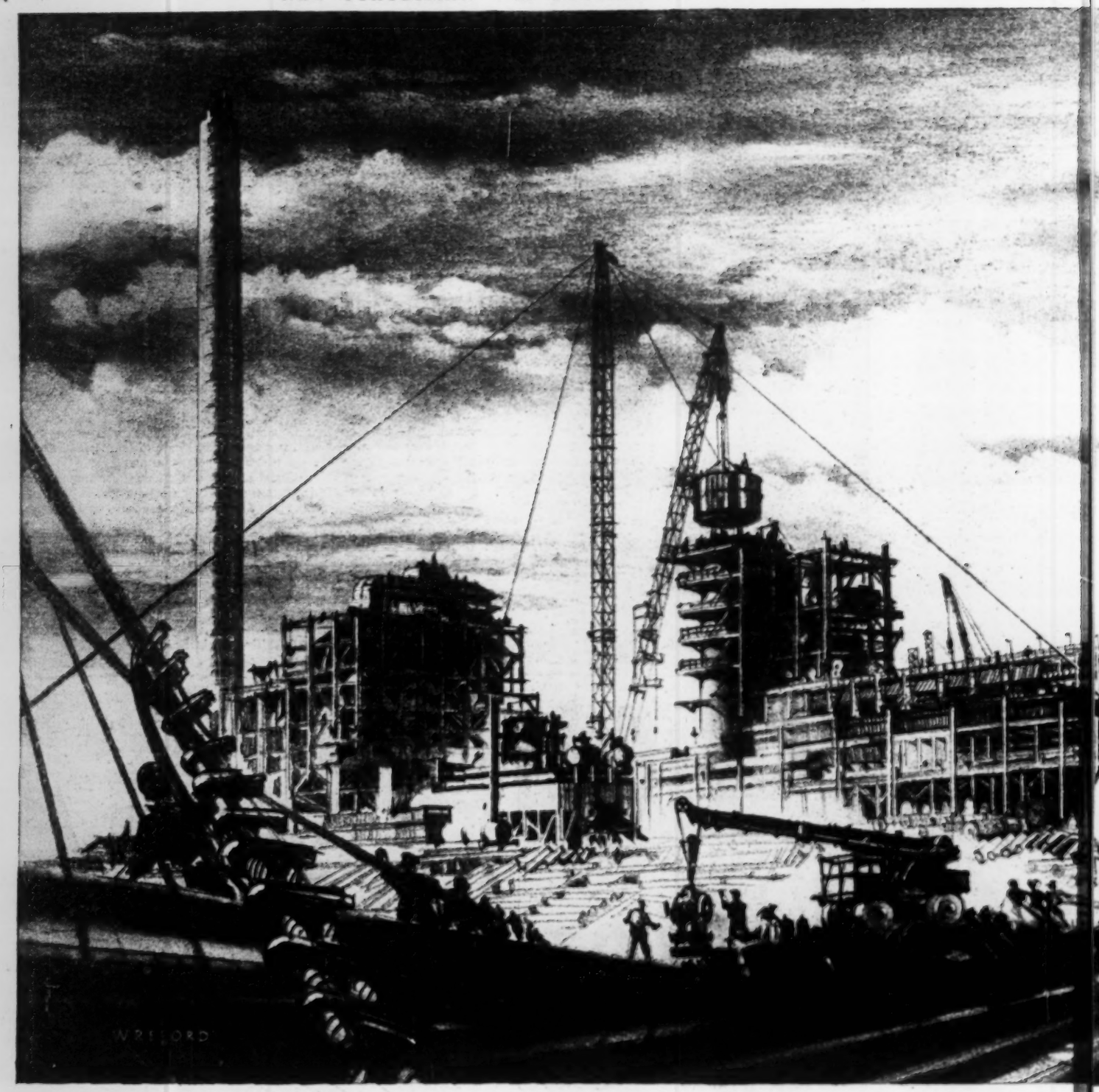
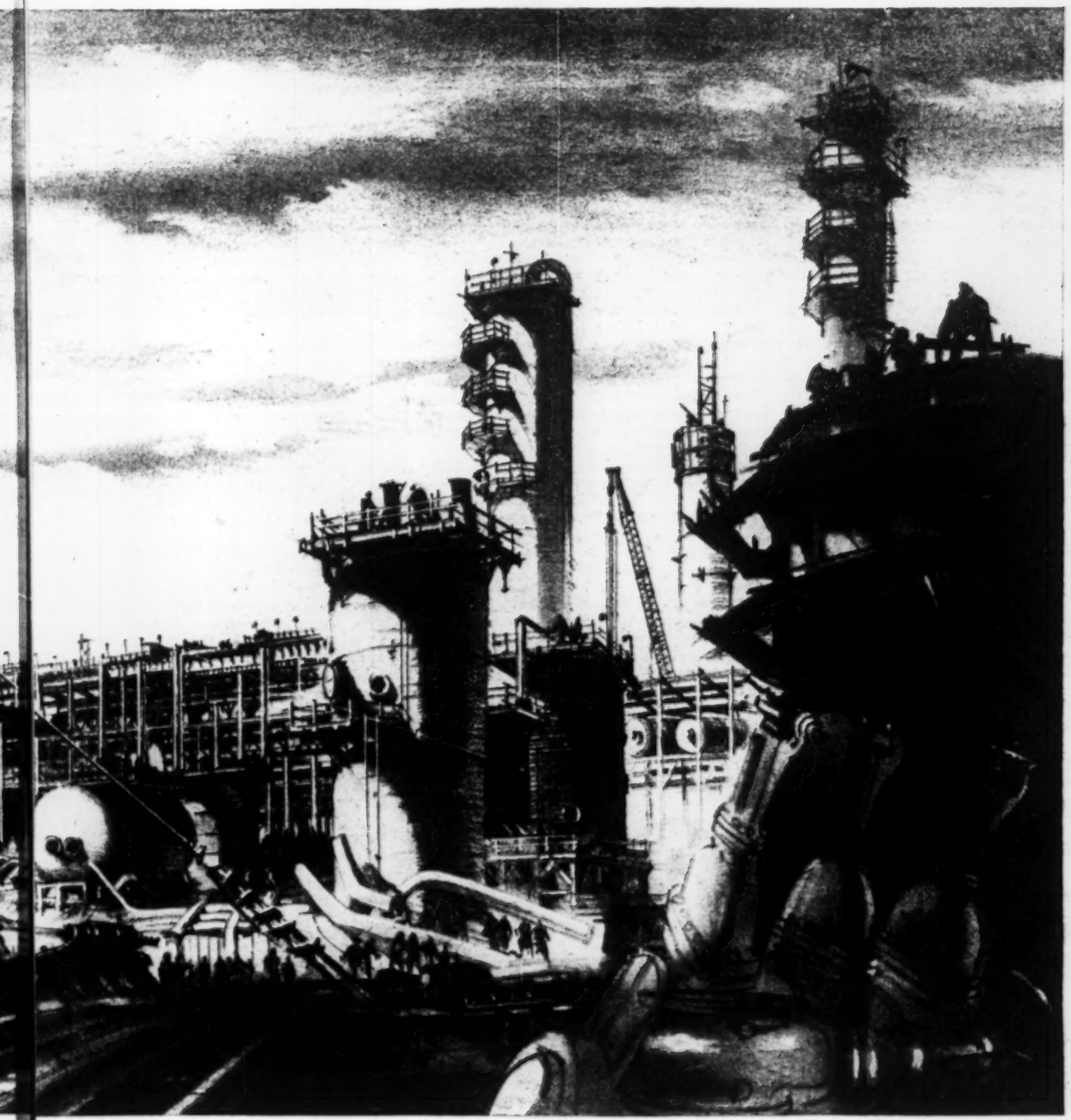


Barely a year after the first ground was broken, the new Esso oil port and refinery on Milford Haven have reached the halfway stage of construction. Above is an impression of part of the 350-acre site, by the distinguished artist, Mr Denis Wreford.

£18 million is being invested in this new British oil port which will be capable of berthing tankers of 100,000 tons. Over 2,000 men are now at work on it. 4½ million tons of oil will begin to flow through the labyrinth of pipes, tanks and towers, every year, when the entire project is completed in November 1960. By that date also, regular employment will have been created for 450 people, mostly recruited from the residents of neighbouring towns and villages. Customs revenues from the output of finished products will exceed £30 million annually. Shipping dues on tanker operations, and rates on the refinery itself, will also yield additional revenues for local authorities.

Care has been taken to reduce the impact of this new industrial enterprise upon an open countryside and coastline. For example, from the outset this refinery has been planned and constructed with the advice of a professional landscape architect. It is also the first refinery in Britain to be air-cooled throughout, thus eliminating the need for large quantities of sea-water normally required for cooling,



thereby reducing the dangers of sea pollution by oil. Again, where soil and weather conditions permit, tree plantations are planned to screen unavoidably broken skylines. The marine jetty has been designed in such a manner as to allow local inshore fishing craft to follow their customary passages.

If you are in the Milford Haven district, you are warmly invited to visit this second complete refinery to be built by Esso in Britain since the war. We believe it represents a welcome advance towards greater prosperity for Wales. A belief which we are happy to find is widely shared by the people of Pembrokeshire. When may we expect you?

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SEARCH FOR WINTER SUNSHINE

The Off-season Traveller

'You're not seeing the place at its best.' Or: 'You're too late'. Or: 'You're too early'. I am obliged to be an off-season traveller and am used to these pitying or reproachful words. The answer is, of course, that the best season is always the best if you go abroad to be in at the height of some international beano in Kitzbühl, St Moritz, Monte Carlo, St Tropez, Seville or Venice, to hear the hilarious popping of a million corks and see the friends of friends letting rip. But if your idea of a holiday is something as unlike the last party you went to as possible, then the off-season traveller has his case.

Off-season, the Costa Brava turns out to be inhabited by Catalans, not by the British; Venice is not obliterated by Germans; Spain is not occupied by the French, nor France by Americans. One has the novel sensation of being in a truly foreign country. One travels in half-empty boats, trains and aeroplanes. Only 20 passengers on the Ostend boat! A dozen on the Sapphire Express! The Edelweiss from Amsterdam to Basle half-empty! No fight for food in the packed restaurant car so that you hardly dare look out of the window coming out of the St Gotthard. The paranoia of the reserved seat dies away. No booking. No reservations – sinister word suggesting that tourists are some race of tame and defeated Indians. One is bowed eagerly into the best rooms, at a price one can afford. Sea-view at last! Half-empty restaurants recover a cuisine which has been switched over to mass production in the interests of the millions who can only eat *entrecôte*. One does not have to compete in shops. One can at last see the pictures in the galleries. The Vatican is not a bus queue. One is not deafened by the guides of coach parties. St Peter's ceases to sound like Paddington Station. The little place you know of has not been discovered by you know who.

The greatest change, perhaps, is in the entrances of hotels. You do not now have to climb over 150 suitcases of the Forked Lightning coach tour in order to get in and out. It is possible at last to get a word with the hall porter, man of profound worldly wisdom. The lift is always there. Waiters have lost their hysteria. There is not that terrible, Technicolor glow of peak-hour bonhomie on the faces of the quadri-lingual barmen. At night one does not listen to a few hundred people cleaning their teeth or flushing the lavatories. There is silence in the room next door.

If he misses the international spree, the off-season traveller makes up for it by getting his first sight of the country living its normal life. He is treated as a friend, not ignored as a gaudy freak. The inhabitants resume their life. The February snow may fall, but rooms are warm. People have time to tell you the story of their lives. I do not, of course, recommend the worst months of the off-season – the best are March, April, May, June and October – but I myself have been obliged to do the greater part of my travelling in the very worst months – November in Rome, Capri and Naples; February in Turin; February in the gales of the Spanish Basque coasts; a wet March in Corsica; Cordoba and Granada in the rains. I have paddled in the slush of Strasbourg, frozen in Berlin and Nice. It was rainy on the Amazon; Valparaiso was empty; in Rio I was two months 'too soon'; in Lisbon glad of my overcoat. I have been down the Seine to Rouen and up the Seine to Troyes, when there were no leaves on the poplars and we were held up hour after hour by river fog. The other travellers one meets in these peculiar seasons are like oneself, doing some job or other. They are the sort of people who have a real contact with the country. It is interesting.

For a writer the off-season is excellent. In the seasons of the great sprees, one's feeble supply of masochism gives out. Down goes the pen and one is out on the beach or in the café with the crowd. I once tried two months in June and July near Toulon. It was lovely and I wrote next to nothing, less and less every day. Others were not working, the very town itself appeared not to be working – why should I? But at beautiful Revello, with that superb view above Amalfi, when the hotel is empty – that is a place! Or, a few miles from Bilbao, is little Motrico. The sun burns when the gales go down and the sea quietens, but in the bad weather there were those long talks with the family that owned the little bar; one went back to work; one came down for another chat. The act which the

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inhabitants often put on with the tourist was forgotten. Real life comes out of its burrow and, in the long run, it is more entertaining and more fertilising than the spree. How else would I have known and visited many of the *Sociedades* or clubs of the Basque coast, places where the men go, each one cooking his own food, so that they can get away from the clatter of patriarchal life? There are clubs for fishermen, farmers, lawyers, businessmen, clubs of all kinds, where these addicted and solitary do-it-yourselfers dispense with all servants, except a washer-up. The last thing they are going to allow is to be flooded by a horde of gregarious tourists.

The writer of a travel book ought, no doubt, to see the heights of the season. He ought to feel the strange corruption of the Riviera summer, see the wine-harvest, the carnival and come back brown. I curse that I did not see the Carnaval in Rio. But he ought also to see landscape when it is often fresher, more delicate and subtle and towns when they are in repose; the leaves changing colour in the north of Portugal, the land turning brown in the south towards the Algarve; or in the earliest, still leafless, spring of the upper Seine, the reddening of the buds, and the gleam of very pale gold that seems to prepare the landscape for the coming year. And he ought to see the worst, which is usually weather: New York or Washington in August when the street life is transformed; Chicago in a December blizzard with the cars spinning round and piling up in the doorways of shops; Rome when the rain comes down and one works up to a record of 20 or 30 cups of espresso coffee a day. Rain reveals Italy. A country doing its worst is dramatic and memorable. Thousands of foreigners come to London every year longing to experience a London fog. Only the off-season traveller has this triumph. He goes away with the sensation of having become a 'member' at last.

One thinks of Stendhal caught in this sensation in Milan and Civita Vecchia. Other writers are haunted by the myth of 'the great good place'. Whereas some of the best writing has come out of 'the little bad place'. I began to wonder if a spectacularly lovely spot like Revello, even in the off-season, is not too great and too good. Splendid views are the ruin of writing. They are abnormal If I wrote well in Munich or Turin, it was because ordinary life, something like my own but transposed into German or Italian terms, was going on around me. Joyce had a better view of Dublin in Trieste and Zürich than he could have had at the height of the Irish or Adriatic seasons. Bennett's *Old Wives Tale* was written in Fontainebleau. The reason is clear: one is forced, in the foreign site, to impose one's life, to be as engaged a human being as the carpenter or the doctor is in the foreign place.

Surround the writer with his own people on the spree and his pen drops. I do not know if any good writing is coming out of Torremolinos or the art colonies on the Greek Islands or Ischia. I suppose there is. But it comes, I am sure, only from those who are off-seasoners, or who, in the season, have a masochism so powerful that they can keep the season out.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Winter Journeys

ALWAYS, in the autumn, as the exhausted couriers are paid off and the airlines and railways cut their special services, I reflect on the seasonal habit which enslaves us. How did August become the classic holiday month? The school year? The convenience of an examination cycle? Slack trade in the shops? Possibly. But why stick to it? It has always seemed silly to me to keep children stewing in classrooms – or their parents cooped up in factories and offices – in the long sunny days of June and July, turning them out in a month that is always unreliable.

Would anything very dreadful happen if the high season were shifted back a month? I know people are conservative about such habits – I recall the violent attacks on Roosevelt when, during the war, he monkeyed about with the date of Thanksgiving Day – but I believe that both the stay-at-homes and the European travellers would benefit.

* * *

That is the first step towards common sense. The second is to encourage a movement that is already on the march: the tourists without school-age children have discovered that May-June and September-October are the best months in a good many holiday areas – the earlier pair for Scotland and Scandinavia, the latter for much of the Mediterranean littoral. But you have to discover this for yourself. It is as difficult to convince the inexperienced that spring in Ross or autumn in Dalmatia and Greece are superb holiday seasons as it is to persuade a summer holiday addict that Zermatt or Obergurgl can be really warm in February. Still, as the motor-coaches and charter-planes roar south – now they carry millions – those who dislike crowds are being forced to pioneer the marginal months as well as the marginal places.

Perhaps we should adapt an idea from the Americans. This summer, in New York, the weather experts devised a 'comfort index'. By combining the temperature and humidity readings on a special scale, they produced a series of figures which tell you what sort of day it will be. A hot day with low humidity, or a fairly humid but cool day, get a good comfort rating: heat and humidity together – as anyone who has known a New York August will tell you – justifiably get a very bad one. What we need is a similar index for the European holiday areas. But it should be based on a rather more complex formula to allow for the rainfall data, for distance, cost, amenities and the relative density of holidaymakers.

I am not a good enough mathematician to work this out in detail, but I presume it should go something like this. Given that you have the appropriate index numbers for all the factors that are relevant, you multiply the negative ones – cost, rainfall, travelling time, number of other tourists – and divide the result by the product of all the attractive features, such as amenities, local colour, good communications, few tourists and sunshine. If the result is less than unity, then the time and place tested have much to commend them. But if it is more than a fraction, say, two or three, then that vacation should be avoided at all costs – unless someone else is paying and your time is your own. If you distrust my arithmetic, work it out for yourself.

* * *

It may, of course, be easier to work by rule of thumb. In that case, the out-of-season holiday – a joy once tasted, always desired – is determined simply by time and money. Those who can afford long voyages, which are the cheapest and most restful vacations if you can spare a month or more, can go after the sun to the Equator and beyond. But there is so much good

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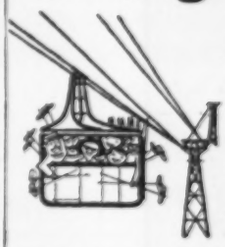

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weather, and so many inexpensive hotels, around the Mediterranean in winter – I except January and February, when anyone who wants to shirk our worst months can have a cheaper and better holiday in the Alps or the Pyrenees than anywhere else – that I am surprised that the traffic doesn't yet justify night tourist flights or the special trains which are available all through the summer. Why not a special winter rate by air to Sicily, Greece, Israel, or Tunis? Or, if the airlines are sceptical, why not some limited experiments by the agents who, by combining package holidays with air charter, have opened up a new mass market for European travel? To put it specifically. A fortnight's holiday in Israel – a splendid place in March—costs at least £160, flying by a scheduled airline and staying at the most modest hotels. An all-in tour, using charter planes and including Jordan as well, was advertised this year at £100. It seems obvious that winter holidays in the Greek islands, or Morocco, Tunis or southern Portugal could be offered at something like £60. Corsica and Sardinia, which are delightful for ten months of the year, could be done for less.

* * *

Each year, I'm told, the bookings for winter sports holidays begin earlier, and are much heavier. 'How can I tell now', a friend asked the other day, 'if I want to go to Austria or Switzerland or the Dolomites in February or March? And what happens if I've got flu when the time comes and want to change the date?' The short answer is that, unless you want a package holiday at one of the peak seasons – Christmas to Twelfth Night, or Easter – you can always get in if you go on the off-chance. Simply pick any of the main centres, get off the train, and go to the local post-office. You may not get the hotel of your choice, but you may be luckier and get fixed up in a ski-instructor's house, or with the local schoolmaster. You can also go mid-week, when sleeper or plane reservations are easier to get. In fact, I think the best time to take a winter holiday is when the fancy takes you, in the dark days. Too much notice sets you worrying about snow conditions, and whether your temperature will have dropped to normal by Saturday, when you are due to leave.

* * *

The real test of any place, I suppose, is whether it induces nostalgia. This is one of the most elusive human emotions, that doesn't always spring from more obvious enjoyment. I can think of places where I have had what one conventionally calls 'a good time' – fine weather, comfortable hotel, pleasant company – and yet I can barely remember where they are or what they were like. And yet other places suddenly jump into my mind, evoked by a scent, or a sound, or even a curious splash of colour, and I feel a wave of nostalgia. Curiously, the moments that manage to lodge in these crannies of memory have often seemed trivial or commonplace at the time. The sound of feet squeaking in frozen snow always conjures up one corner of a village in the Tyrol, pleasant enough but not spectacular. The smell of sun on hot sand takes me at once to a rather uninspiring stretch of the Arizona desert. Hot tar recalls a newly-caulked fishing boat at San Fruttuoso. What makes such a place tuck itself away for months, even years at a time, waiting to pop out when more obvious pleasures have faded? If one knew the answer, nostalgia might be a clue to something more than the kind of holiday one has really enjoyed – it could be the secret of happiness.

TRAVELLER

Odd Places Out

NOT many people travel in winter; it doesn't seem a holiday time; you can't meet people of your own race and boast about little cafés and terrible bull-fights and free seats at the opera. There you are with the people, and the *people* in winter holiday places are much more bored than you are. During the summer the young men have been chasing the foreign girls, the middle-aged families have been luring them into hotels, and the old men (fishermen or guides) have been taking them round the ruins, grottoes or cathedrals. Now there is nothing except the few parsimonious English residents and the long winter scandal of the sad ex-carnival villages.

For the smaller towns and villages of the tourist holiday areas gradually contract into a pretty rancorous entity, brooding over rivalries of love and custom, treacherous take-over bids and the long frustration of once-spoiled youth. It is something of a paradox that the pine-clad, guitar-throbbing holiday paradises of the routine office-worker are, eventually, conditioned by the influx of those very holiday-makers themselves, and, in the tedium of winter, help to change the intimate weather of the local climate. I think this particularly applies to Spain, and in the last few years the flood of colour-hungry hordes of tourists to this country has even gone far to affect the political scene. Franco, while desperately needing them to balance his budget, as desperately deprecates them for the little insidious inroads they make on the ancient and false ethic which props up the cathedral, the bull-ring and the unseen political prison.

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Tarragona. I should stress that Tarragona is the ancient capital of Catalonia, and is really only half-Spanish. However much half-hearted flamenco and bull-talk you may hear, the true nature of the Tarragon man is torn between the cruel gallantry of Spain itself and the simpler more honest creed of independence hidden in the heart of the Catalan. His face is turned towards France, with a defensive backward glance towards Madrid, where the cynical manipulators of his destiny operate in huge white pseudo-American skyscrapers. Winter in Tarragona is full of this ancient bitterness (not ever perceived in summer) and a terrible reaction against the supposed liberty of the artist and citizen in other western countries, particularly in regard to love, poetry, freedom of speech and rates of pay.

The old, happy cafés are at once more bitter and more interesting. They are like a family taken off guard, and the winter visitor (who knew everybody in the care-free days of summer) has to step very carefully and reassess his behaviour in those past golden days and certainly not take too much for granted. The small winter Spanish town contracts, becomes traditional, puritanical, and supremely critical.

During my last stay half the town, for one reason or another, did not speak to the other, people changed their rendezvous and the police hardened their faces. You couldn't dance round the fountains in the public squares any more, or follow the girls leaving the cathedral and shout minor obscenities; you were a known person, living with a certain family whose reputation you could impair, you were a writer and that in itself was suspect. Although I was classed (in the dossiers of the police) as a Bohemian-artist (and this category of person is oddly more revered in Spain than anywhere else, and allowed more latitude), there were certain ferocious members of the winter police who went around my favourite cafés in the town-hall square and performed strange brutalities, mainly because they were not witnessed by the sentimental summer tourists, and I was certainly not immune from these attentions. Hadn't, on the last occasion, I become overdue on my passport until the uncle of the patron's sister of my landlord's mother-in-law introduced me to the chief of police? And hadn't I, quite suddenly, run out of money? Perhaps it was deliberate.

Yes, it was deliberately done. It was the time of Suez, and there seemed something black on the horizon, the old militaristic urge of the English had come uppermost again, the bullies were on the warpath. But mainly I was in love with a girl called Maria-Antonia, and I had bought five-pounds of flowers for her wedding. The winter-flowers of Tarragona are pure, strong, cool and fresh and they filled the house near the square of the town-hall with a rush of beauty that was almost summer. Not quite, but near. This is not a love-story I am writing, but the fact is important. In winter, in the deserted and neutral holiday-villages, it is as well to find someone to love, somewhere to gamble, some sort of work to do not too unconnected with the place itself. Such a place was Tarragona, and already, from visit to visit, the stones and views of the town had settled in my heart and I became, and still am, a fixture in the town.

What does one do in the Continental winter? In February the sun pulls out and, out of the shadow, it burns like a little fire and bites like a young lion. The young men who are paid retainers to manage their fathers' businesses run around the town alternating between boredom and time-killing manias. Antonio, for instance, takes to smuggling *Pernod* across the Pyrenees, but the project fails and somewhere in Caserny a girl commits suicide. Not because of Antonio, but because of his friend Pascal.

The French, not the simple four-square English, are the victims of the winter Spanish; they have talked too much about Sartre and Camus, and their dresses are too low and there is an air of aggravating teasing innocence about the French girls which offends the continual cultural inferiority-complex of the Spanish café intellectuals. The memories of English girls, on the other hand, are fumbled in the sand on the Rabasala beach and danced in the Bolera; they provoke the most extraordinary sentimental outbursts, and a great deal of the winter evenings are spent in writing letters to Beryl and Madge and Lily in Surbiton or Penge, and to showing around their photographs in bathing dresses, as if they were the very finest stuffed heads of an enthralling hunting expedition.

I remember how, one January, Antonio started the idea of an ornamental garden in the villa of one of his retainer-paying friends. I was to be included in the list of labourers, wine and olives provided, and the chance of flirtation with the owner's modern Spanish wife. There were to be ornamental fountains, peacocks, a sort of maze, a riot of rare flowers purchased from Tangier and Cadiz, modernistic statues, sculptured by one of the labouring groups, and an extraordinary attempt at English topiary – in which I was to be considered the expert. It was also considered to be good for my health, although Antonio, the prime mover of the project, used to be the *novio*, or fiancé, of Maria-Antonia (with whom I was, in spite of the coming wedding, notoriously in love). At first I was set to digging, and as time wore on the olives became fewer and the wine glasses smaller, and I sweated in the growing sun, digging pits for statues and the jacaranda trees and the fountains, and a crowd of young men began to collect at the gate of the villa watching an Englishman doing manual labour in a Spanish garden. Then the venture collapsed and we all drifted back to the cafés.

That lasted about a month, and then, suddenly, a group of English girls, the forerunners of the summer invasion, arrived on the beach in tents. One of the girls was called Gertrude, another Rose, and the third Millie. It was all over. The broken friendships were repaired, the cafés gleamed with summer lights, and the police began smiling near the fountain.

ANTHONY CARSON

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Finger on the Trigger

VIOLENCE and the kind of sex that goes with it have been the notorious American export in serious and popular literature for the last forty years. They have become a cliché but one which no English critic can discuss with assurance. Nor many Americans – for those who deplore it, one soon discovers, have a secret admiration for it (violence equals vitality), and those who admire it have one eye open for an ethic. Ourselves, we are in a bad position to judge. We are still Forsterised. We speak of the growing violence of our city life, but our own contribution is so pathetically small that at least one anthropologist – Mr Gorer, I think – has suggested that we are suffering from an increase of the anxiety neuroses because we have so successfully disciplined the cheerful brutality we used to have in the eighteenth century. (The truth is, we carried our violence abroad.) Dr Frohock, who has collected his essays on violence in American literature*, dismisses our contribution in a line – he has revised a book published in 1950 – and simply says we have left it to the Americans and the French. On his own definition this is incorrect. I feel for my flick-knife and ask what about Orwell, Graham Greene and, in another sense, D. H. Lawrence and Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett, to say nothing of our popular sadists? Dr Frohock's title is far too large for his treatment of the subject. His concern is for a relatively small corner of the work of Cain, Wolfe, Farrell, Hemingway, Faulkner, Dos Passos, Steinbeck, Caldwell and Penn Warren.

Dr Frohock has one interesting comment about the French writers who have been attracted by the American novel. The murder in Camus's *L'Etranger* is committed on the subrational, animal level; whereas the American acts of violence are lucid and rational human acts. Dr Frohock says that European imitators missed this point; one can only say that to the European it is not enough to be technically explicit. American violence has the appeal of an exotic anarchy to us; but in American literature there is a distinct preoccupation with its technical aspect. The splendid fights in American films are technical achievements. Also, violence exists among immense counter-forces of respectability, which themselves – in some of the big strikes, for example – can blandly turn to violence and not apologise.

With the roots of violent literature in American life Dr Frohock is little concerned. He notes the breakdown of the Thirties, the Spanish war. He notes also that the middle classes do not easily turn to violence and that in America the new literature introduced the working classes and the poor as protagonists:

> The hero must, for example, be one who, when the chips are down, will be capable of a violent act. He will probably not belong to the middle class, because the middle class resort less often to violence than to due course of law. Or, if like Robert Jordan (*For Whom the Bell Tolls*), he does come from the middle class, he will be estranged from his origins either by force of exterior circumstances (*e.g.*, the economic) or by the force of personal conviction. . . . The psychological make-up of the hero is, as it often is in the theatre, not so much the subject as one of the data of the piece. The story must begin at the point in time so close to the moment of climax that there is no opportunity to show the *development* of the character.

Violence seems to mark the end of the middle-class novel and may mark the American discovery of the fact, in the Thirties, that they had a class system without knowing it. It strikes a foreign reader of the American historical narratives in the nineteenth century that clashes of race and religion are endemic, so that there is a continual tendency to witch-hunt and civil attack, and that until the Twenties, the novelists had repressed a deeply native subject. The gang war of the Puerto Ricans in *West Side Story*† has a long tradition, as each foreign group begins to domesticate in American soil. Yet outside of a page or two of Twain, and things of Melville's and Crane's, there is – a European will feel – little response to the tradition.

In producing a violent school and shaking off European literary domination, the American novelists came to terms with their own life – which is why American novels have made their great impression abroad. But Dr Frohock does not wander far into this aspect of his subject; he looks at what the novels themselves have to tell him. And here he comes to an interesting conclusion. In the nineteenth century, the traditional novel rediscovered the old theme of 'the erosion of time'. Our lives, our loves, our hates are submerged in the stream of change and years; in *War and Peace*, Proust, *Buddenbrooks*, the regard is retrospective, the mood nostalgic and elegiac, and it changes to one of frustration and despair in the new century as the sun sets on our culture. But in the late Twenties there is a change. Dr Frohock was inclined to call the new novel the novel of violence, but found in the work of a French critic, Jean Pouillon, a better name for it: the novel of destiny. The significance does not now lie

> in what time does to the man, but what man does in the time allotted to him. Time appeared as a limitation. It provides a dominant sense of urgency. The hero of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* has four days in which to discover his destiny and accept it.

The bullfighter has his afternoon. Melancholy gives way to tragedy, and the role of tragedy is to enhance the dignity of man caught by his fate. Acceptance replaces despair.

These are fine words. The difficulty is to make the generalisation fit the individual case. What does the hero of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* accept? Nothing, really. He is without a destiny; he is well beneath it. He is a mere gun. James Cain gave his shock and moved on to commercial fiction leaving no trace, as Dr Frohock says. Dos Passos has to be thrown out of the destiny school, because he sees people carried away by time. Wolfe flows away into exaggeration and Farrell plods along in a documentary that ends fatally as diffused autobiography. The poor, the millions, are liberated in these novels, but they drift into anonymity and if there is violence it is only because the poor are often close to it and it is available in American life. Not until Hemingway does Dr Frohock's definition work successfully, in the short stories and in part of the Spanish novel. The heroes prove themselves in their violent trades. And then, in *To Have and Have Not* and the rest, one is not sure that they prove anything except that Hemingway is interested in any form of violence – outside of torture – that is going and that the interest is technical: how to get your sights on the man or the charging animal. The word destiny drops out; Hemingway is sticking to what has always been his lasting virtue, the achievement of integrity of feeling. He would rather not think at all than lie about what he feels or deduces in the moment of the act and the moment after, whatever sentimentalities may crowd in later. The trouble is that he has one foot in the time-erosion camp and for one who had the gift for writing about violence he has not been violent enough for the times he has lived in. He has limited his curiosity, after *Farewell to Arms*, to the craftsmanship of violent action, especially the hunter's, when he might have written an anatomy. To have done that, time has shown that he would have needed to be more politically minded than he was. He very early lost his sense of pain and of the victim.

As Dr Frohock shrewdly says, there is a basic exhibitionism in Hemingway which has, in the course of time, turned him into *un homme qui se raconte*, a fate which has caught many an American novelist in this generation and in the past:

> From the beginning he has been concerned less with the relations of human beings than with the relations between himself, or some projection of himself, and a harsh mainly alien universe.

His interest in violence – and in sex – easily becomes a boyish idyll in which he alone is gratified; or a rigmarole in which he alone is talking. Looking at Hemingway, Steinbeck, Caldwell and Farrell, one is surprised to see how many of them have gone garrulous and soft. The theme of destiny, of man's loneliness, has dropped into palaver. It has been left, of course, in the tongues of characters of little complexity. Erskine Caldwell becomes a ribald sentimentalist, a folk writer – on the other hand, on this account, his moronic people are recognisable in any peasantry who skilfully and unrepentantly live below whatever norm of civilisation is set up around them. One of the functions of violence was to rip up American puritanism or to invert it.

Dr Frohock is a sensitive and allusive critic, whose light of penetration switches on and off fitfully. He is inclined to bright dabbling. He has good things to say, but does not always follow them up. He jumps into the middle of his subjects and one is not sure which direction he is swimming in. He ought to have written at greater length. Thus it is only in an aside, in

**The Novel of Violence in America.* By W. M. FROHOCK. *Barker.* 25*s.*

†*West Side Story.* By JEROME ROBBINS. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

the course of a useful essay on Faulkner, that he throws out the thought that the cult of violence is related to the revival of the idea of pure evil and man's guilt. Many of the novelists he discusses are aware of revolt, oppression, injustice and ill-fatedness; Faulkner alone has an insight into passion, wickedness, pain and the private fertility of evil. He is the only one to have density – but, of course, he has it in the worst sense as well as the best. I may be suffering from the Hemingway hangover, but I detect in far too many of the scenes and themes of violence in American fiction, the suggestion that violence has an independent prestige, that it must be esteemed for itself. You are superfluous as a character if you have not pulled a trigger, and destiny cannot operate without a bang. More often than not, one has also noticed in these novels, especially in Hemingway, an aftermath of futility, a sense not of destiny, but of exhaustion: people got what was coming to them because they were beneath the level of characters entitled to bear great events. The Greek dramas are not crime stories.

V. S. PRITCHETT

On My Mouse

Cats are full of death.

All horses
And even very small dogs
Frighten me.

I fear I am not very English.

Be that as it may,
Lately,
A mouse has moved in, and,
At thirty-two . . . almost thirty-three . . .
A man who lives alone
And breaks his teeth while eating jam
Is . . . is he not? . . .
Rather ridiculous.

So I am grateful.

I eat at home more often,
Compose with certain ease,
And yesterday
I bought a book on mice.

Mark you, he's fortunate.
Though poor, I have expensive tastes.
My mouse has camembert and brie in peace,
Whereas some mice
Run most fantastic risks
For sweaty yellow cheddar.

He's not very intelligent.
The first time I saw him
Walk round and round the room
Tail in the air
Like the tooth of a big brown comb,
I thought he was brave.
Now I know
He had lost his hole.
Later, I discovered
He was blind in one eye, and,
Chances are,
Joan will not like him.
But there . . . what can you do?
We must bear in mind
That the mouse has moved in,
And Joan hasn't.

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Old Etonian Papist

Ronald Knox. By EVELYN WAUGH. *Chapman & Hall.* 30*s.*

Although Ronald Knox was one of the most beloved men of his age, not everyone surrendered to his charm. I found his habit of making *Punch*-style jokes in his sermons distasteful. Many who knew him better disapproved of his unwillingness to join in the ecclesiastical fray. They suspected that he was too proud to seek promotion, or to take the risks of controversy. Though none doubted his piety, many felt it unfair that he should spend so much time in country-houses, dabbling with verse and gentle satire, while less gifted colleagues bore the heat of the day. These criticisms are unlikely to survive a reading of Mr Waugh's biography. To some it may seem wrong that the greatest living master of English prose should be deflected from his novel-writing to a work of pious tribute to an old friend. In fact, this book is nothing of the kind. Though it has all the advantages of an official biography, it is also a highly intelligent attempt to unravel the complex threads of Knox's private and spiritual life and to pin down his elusive and absorbing character; and to it, Mr Waugh brings not only great precision and elegance of phrase, not only an understanding reverence for the manners and institutions Knox held dear, but in certain vital respects an internal conflict of loyalties which Knox shared and which was the key to his life.

Knox was an English patriot forced by the overriding authority of faith to turn his back on the institution which stands at the very centre of English life: the Anglican Church. His father was an ambitious clergyman of moderate views with a healthy respect for the temporalities of the church (he accepted Balfour's offer of the see of Manchester by return of post). Knox himself was an outstanding success at Eton and Balliol, becoming the central figure in a group of gifted aristocrats who, in the golden years before 1914, seemed to have England as their oyster. Shortly after he took his inevitable First, Trinity elected him Fellow and Chaplain; his books had already brought him wide recognition in London. A rapid ascent to the highest places in the Church seemed certain.

At this point, he was deflected from his predestined course, first into the shallow pools of Anglo-Catholicism, then into the unknown oceans of the Roman Church. One side of his character must have regarded this progression as an unmitigated disaster: faith was cutting him off from everything he liked. He himself was sorrowfully aware of the conflict. 'I prefer Englishmen to the natives of any other country in the world, but that is not going to do them m ch good, poor dears, at the Day of Judgement.' Etonians, he wrote, were not 'better men' than others – simply nicer to be with. He loved his father; but the Bishop's sorrowful pleas could not be allowed to influence the final decision. To Knox, it was simply a matter of choosing between this world and the next, and to make this clear to himself he jotted down the pros and cons in a series of antagonistic sentences. These illustrate perfectly his distaste for the community (though not for the faith) he was joining. One reads: 'Your fellow priests won't be married; but they'll be much more vulgar'. Another: 'You'll be a more important person—but in a less important show'. This last puzzles Waugh. Most converts to Catholicism feel they are leaving an isolated outpost to rejoin the main stream of Christianity. But Knox was an insular Edwardian, who believed that England was the centre of the world; he felt he was joining a small and philistine community whose only merit was the possession of truth and the right to exercise the authority he craved. One of his few recorded comments on his first visit to Rome was that it was impossible to obtain *Punch* there.

His father believed Knox would be bitterly unhappy as a Roman: 'Honestly, I look upon the Roman priesthood as the grave of the talent that is especially yours'. Certainly, Knox's first encounter with the limited and unimaginative men who control English Catholicism – in the shape of Cardinal Bourne, of whom Waugh paints a chilling but not uncharitable portrait – was unpromising. But he did not make the mistake of becoming a Jesuit, and his feeble struggles to preserve his individuality within a despairingly insensitive community were surprisingly successful. The letter in which he declines the presidency of St Edmund's – a hideous and impracticable school, dear to Bourne's heart – is a masterpiece of passive resistance. For 13 years, in fact, Knox was able to retain his links with the England he loved by holding the post of Chaplain at Oxford; and thereafter he lived in the gracious homes of wealthy English Catholics who had not been educated by bog-priests, and who could keep a sense of proportion about Lourdes and Fatima. Moreover, during this last period he was given a task equal to his talents: the new translation of the Vulgate, which Waugh rightly regards as his major achievement.

Upon its completion, it is true, he came up against English Catholicism at its worst. Overcentralisation of authority breeds moral cowardice in subordinates; at least one of the prelates who had encouraged Knox in his work ratted shamefully on him when the new text, as was inevitable, met with criticism. But Knox fought this battle with resilience and skill; somewhat amended, his version survived, and will eventually become universal among English-speaking Catholics.

Leaving aside the question of faith, was Knox right to join Rome? I believe the answer must be yes. His talent, as a writer of light verse, parodies and essays, was a slender one; it is difficult to see how it could have developed further than it did. His chief gift was to charm and delight his friends. Knox had a tendency to vanity; had he remained an Anglican, success might have coarsened this gift, and turned it into the blunt instrument which television, for instance, would have been so ready to exploit. As it was, forced to exist in a hostile environment, it became refined and chastened. Mr Waugh has now made it imperishable.

PAUL JOHNSON

African Civilisations

Old Africa Rediscovered. By BASIL DAVIDSON. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

The myth of a barbarous, cannibalistic, and chaotic Africa before the coming of the Europeans dies hard, and still occurs from time to time in the writings and speeches of the ignorant or the wilfully untruthful. The evidence to destroy this myth, and myth it certainly is, accumulates slowly through the work of a handful of historians, anthropologists, and archaeologists.

There is now a considerable body of evidence for the writing of history in Africa and with the increase in new, independent African states the demand for such history becomes more and more insistent. This demand by Governments and citizens for knowledge of the past of their countries can greatly encourage further scholarly work, or it can give rise to a new myth of past African greatness as untrue as the opposite view held for so long by Europeans.

To reach the truth we need the firmly ascertained facts to be readily available and the possibilities of future research to be indicated. The work already done has been in the main published in books and journals not normally easily available to any but the specialist, and those who may have been suspicious of traditional views of Africa's past have found it difficult to know where to turn for the facts. Basil Davidson's book makes all this knowledge available in a clear and sensible way. He presents a sober view of old Africa based on careful reading of the archæological and historical evidence and intelligent speculation from it. From this book emerges a credible picture of how man developed in Africa, how he acquired new techniques, how he organised his social and economic life, and how he reacted to the arrival of the Europeans.

The story of Africa which is so ably told in this book is far from that which could have been supposed 50 or even less years ago. Taking the main areas of whose history we now have some knowledge, Davidson describes the civilisation of Meroe in the Nile valley and emphasises its importance as a centre from which the knowledge of techniques may have spread throughout the continent; the states of Ghana, Mali, and Songhay in the western Sudan which in their hey-day were the equals of many states of medieval Europe and whose gold was largely responsible for the development of European economy before the discovery of America; the trading towns of the East African coast which seemed to the Portuguese to be in no way inferior to the towns they had left behind in Europe; and the civilisation which built Zimbabwe and the other ruins of the Rhodesias

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The book is not merely a re-hash of published material, it contains first-hand accounts and impressions and throughout shows a vigorous and intelligent understanding of the problems, potentialities, and limitations of the evidence available.

It has often been claimed that where cultural and material advance has been made in Africa it has been due to outside influence and that native genius has played a small or non-existent part. This criticism of the African contribution has little validity; all such advances owe something to external influences in Europe no less than in Africa. The Egyptian of 1,500 BC, had he ever visited Britain, might well have taken away the sort of impression that nineteenth-century travellers did of Africa. Davidson examines this matter with some care and shows that though external influences were at work, African peoples most certainly were themselves mainly responsible for the development of many organised states and for art of high quality. Few would now doubt that the brasses of Ifé and Benin are a genuine native art owing nothing to Europe, though the technique of *cire-perdue* casting is likely to have originated in Egypt and spread to West Africa from Meroe.

In East Africa the merchant cities of the coast have usually been assumed to be alien Arab trading centres, but further research suggests that the African element was a strong one. Certainly the Arabs were the first to come and trade and in many cases were the founders of the towns, but they were absorbed by the peoples amongst whom they settled. To quote from the book, 'Out of their presence came Swahili culture: authentic African synthesis of non-African ideas that none the less remained basically and predominantly African – Bantu-speaking African'.

The author with his fresh approach to the subject seizes on two further aspects of African history which have previously been viewed with lack of sympathy and understanding. The first is that of the massacres associated in the European mind with the forest states of West Africa and known to Europe from the reports of those taking part in the nineteenth-century military expeditions to Ashanti and Benin. These massacres were, Davidson points out, partly inspired by fear of European invasion, and partly due to decay and demoralisation in African society for which the slave trade must be held largely responsible. Little has been written of the effect of slave-trading on African life, but there can be no doubt that the wholesale and brutal seizure and exportation of millions of Africans must have deeply influenced and changed the lives of all the inhabitants of West Africa. To have produced the art of Benin, Ifé, and Ashanti as well as the ordered government and trading activities, the history of these states could not have been '. . . one long record of savagery' as a British officer wrote in 1897.

The other is in south east Africa where in the late nineteenth century Europeans came into a land by then a wilderness. They did not know, as we know now, that not long before the area had been part of a powerful state and that the stone buildings, as at Khami and Inyanga, had been built and occupied by an African people.

It was natural for these explorers and traders to assume that Africa had always been the cultural desert that they found, and from the easy acceptance of this supposition has arisen the series of fantastic theories as to the origin of the stone ruins of the Rhodesias. Phoenicians, Arabs, Indians, Jews, even King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba have been cited as possible builders of Zimbabwe and other ruins! Every probable and improbable theory has been thought of to disprove their African origin. But now we know for

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'As I wrote the early chapters, my sleep was disturbed and I often broke into a sweat; since I wrote them I have felt calmer and more released.' It was a kind of psychotherapy for John Vaizey to describe the two years he spent in hospital between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. His account is intensely moving and unbearably honest. He describes his reaction to pain, to lack of human understanding, and above all else to the loss of individuality imposed by institutional life.

Here is an intelligent youngster (the book is based on diaries) in revolt against all that is worst in British hospital and nursing tradition – the absurd discipline (silence at meals), 'the sickly sentimentality that overlays the barbarity and cruelty of hospital life', and the stark tidiness that removes all personality from the patient – particularly the child patient. We meet the model sister – her apron stiff, her cap straight, her hair immaculate, her ward spotless and coldly regimented. She manages her doctors with shallow charm and her patients with brutal restrictionism, biting sarcasm and psychological cruelty. Then there is the sister who is overlooked for promotion because of the human muddle which gives liberty to her patients – the warm kind sister whom the children love.

This book has two important messages. The debate is still under way between the children's ward of the local hospital and the large and often remote children's hospital where everyone from the matron to the porter is allegedly child-minded. Compared with an adult patient, a child is less able to protest, less able to complain. For this reason, it is essential, despite every other consideration, for the child to be in a hospital where relatives and friends can visit frequently. Secondly, there is the scandal of the large ward. Sweden, Canada and Czechoslovakia are only building small wards – in the first two of these countries there hardly are any large wards for physically ill patients. We have more nurses per head than most, if not all, other countries in the world, but we persist in large wards. How many patients each day suffer the ultimate humiliation of an enema in public?

John Vaizey is writing about Britain's hospitals as he saw them in wartime. We will be told that it is all different after ten years of the National Health Service. I am not so sure. If only every nurse and doctor could be *made* to read this book!

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Cosmos in Pieces

Consciousness and Society. By H. STUART HUGHES. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 30*s.*

Just what was rotten in the state of Denmark? In 1896 the young Ernst Troeltsch shook a theological conference at Eisenach with the anguished but enthusiastic cry: 'Gentlemen, everything is tottering'. 'It' was; but as so often in the shifting morass of intellectual history, the fact of crisis is more easily apprehended than its nature. Professor Hughes discusses this 'reorientation of European social thought' after 1890 by studying a group of thinkers – Freud, Max Weber, Croce, Durkheim, Sorel, Bergson, Pareto and the like – to whom a group of writers are attached in a much less satisfactory manner. There can and will be argument about his selection of thinkers or themes. The formative intellectual generation of 1890-1914 could quite easily be represented by, or include, other names, and the same is true of the key problems on which the book concentrates: the analyses of consciousness, of time and duration, of the nature of knowledge, and the consequent revision in political theory. Nevertheless, even if we chose to investigate a different batch of writers and made a different analysis of their findings, we should, unless totally lacking in perception, find ourselves sketching the same sort of picture. We should find a profoundly destructive critique of the intellectual status quo and of accepted scientific, philosophical and artistic procedures; a profound revolution in all of them; and a profound malaise. For the point about the thinkers of this generation was that they were desperately uneasy about where they found themselves going. Most of the men who did more than any previous generation to deprive our times of the fundamental values of reason, science and civilisation, those of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, themselves clung with an admirable if pitiful stubbornness to the confidence in rationality, in the possibility of making coherent sense of an objective world, which they unwillingly undermined. Max Planck and Einstein maintaining (no doubt rightly, but as a matter of faith) their belief in determinist causality, the Cubists and Schoenberg imposing an artificial but rigorously intellectualist framework on the world of sight and sound which was – thanks partly to them – losing its 'natural order': these could be set beside Freud, Weber and Croce.

What went wrong was the world of the liberal middle class. At the moment of its European triumph, economic depression, the rise of mass Marxist movements on the left, of demagogy and corruption in other quarters, stimulated the terrible discovery that the logical end-product of secular middle-class strivings would be utterly different from the serene, rational and civilised progress bourgeois intellectuals had imagined. Economically, the logic of free competition led to protectionism, monopoly and state interference. Socially, the reconstruction of the world on individualist principles produced not the free society, but the unhappy or absent society. Politically, the age of the common man looked incalculable and dark, the practical results of middle-class electoralism, shattering. Liberal-democratic political theory has never recovered from the wounds inflicted by the lucid empirical investigators of the period; it has merely retreated from the unanswerable observations of Mosca, Ostrogorsky, Michels, or for that matter the Webbs, either into sermonising or into the Burkean argument that the alternatives to parliamentarism are much worse. Its place as an intellectually self-respecting discipline has been taken by sociology (which Professor Hughes's subjects largely invented as an academic subject). But it is characteristic that the three best-known trade-names which we associate with the sociologists of this generation are Pareto's *élite*, which implies the impossibility of democracy and equality, Max Weber's *charisma*, which is the irrational, quasi-magical quality that causes men to follow and obey leaders like Hitler, and Durkheim's even more depressing *anomie*, which is, roughly speaking, the technical name for that state of social orderlessness which makes Riesman's Lonely Crowd lonely.

But above the quaking political foundations of the scholar's house there also rose an equally terrifying phenomenon, the quaking arch of his philosophical sky. It was not merely that an entire system of intellectual assumptions was associated with middle-class liberalism, and therefore called into question with it under the generic title of 'positivism': the supremacy of conscious reason, the adequacy of determinist causality, etc., in brief, Newton as supplemented by Adam Smith and Darwin. In a very real sense the dialectic of research paralleled that of society. Science and technology, on the eve of the revolutions of our century, had got beyond the scope of the vulgar mechanical materialism which then dominated them, though we are today once again in a period when the most sensational advances are made in the social as well as the natural sciences by the construction of mechanical models; if very much more sophisticated ones. The 'revolt against positivism' with which Professor Hughes rightly begins his study, was therefore more than the reaction against the platitudes of the Victorian 'progressive middle class' which Shaw satirises in that typical document of the age, *Man and Superman*: it was the apprehension of chaos in the accepted world of reason. The poets and artists, never too closely attached to rigorous thought, were – as the book points out – prepared to embrace irrationalism and neo-religion much sooner than the dons. The philosophers and

scientists knew what they were abandoning.

And yet, as Professor Hughes inexorably shows, 'more often than not their work encouraged an anti-intellectualism to which the vast majority of them were intensely hostile'. Hence the key scene in their intellectual drama was that confrontation with Marx, to which the third chapter is rightly devoted. For Marx was not merely the inspirer of the labour movement, with which every social thinker had to come to terms after 1889. He was also the only intellectual survivor of the great classical tradition. His theories were immune to the criticisms made against the vulgar positivists, potential outlines for a satisfactory view of the world, his belief in reason and progress unshaken by liberal defeats. Consequently the influence of Marxism on the sociologists and historians was profound. In Italy it even swept virtually all brilliant young intellectuals off their feet for a few years. Yet in the classical countries of liberal and capitalist society this intellectual vogue for Marxism did not last, though it marked the social sciences deeply. Was it too much to expect liberal professors, whose social standing was never firmer and more eminent than before 1914, to turn themselves into revolutionary socialists? Was it the apparently automatic recovery of the economy after the 'Great Depression', which made the Marxist predictions of capitalist decline and fall seem unconvincing, until the first world war gave them a new realism? It remains a fact that even instinctive revolutionaries often abandoned it. Men like Sorel and Shaw found themselves either in despair, or evolving theories of revolution by irrationalist and indeterminate activism, though in practice they did not help revolution by doing so. They merely became, to adapt Professor Hughes's phrase, Socrates of the *belle époque* and like Socrates, they influenced mostly the wrong side. T. E. Hulme translated Sorel, Mussolini learned from him. Lenin called him a 'notorious muddlehead'; but it was Lenin who made the revolution which Sorel hailed.

Professor Hughes has not written *the* book about this crucial curve in the intellectual road of modern man. However, since nobody else has yet done so, we can benefit from an analysis which is consistently interesting and hits several nails on the head with varying force and without jargon. He is held back by the preconceptions of an American don of the Fifties. He is also rather overwhelmed by the floods of his material, all the more so for trying to fit in, from time to time, relevant thinkers he has previously decided to exclude, for instance Poincaré and the logical empiricists. It might have been better to omit the brief and unsatisfactory discussion of the period after 1914. Instead of surveying several countries, it might have been more practical to concentrate on a single characteristic specimen, for instance on the Hapsburg empire which, in its death agony, gave birth to a number of tendencies characteristic of modern western thought: to Freud and Schoenberg, to Mach and Kafka, to Rilke and Schumpeter. And yet, if he has done nothing else, he would deserve our attention for chronicling a generation which saw the intellectual cosmos of the nineteenth century come to pieces in its hands, and, when not abandoning itself to subjectiveness and obscurantism, did its best to stick it together again provisionally by what Professor Hughes calls 'fictions', the conventions and 'as ifs' of a philosophical empiricism. But it is still in pieces.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

The revised edition of Sorokin's *Social and Cultural Dynamics* is published by Owen at 50s.

Thirties Publisher

An Occupation for Gentlemen. By FREDRIC WARBURG. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

The occupation is publishing, which is the real theme of this first half of Mr Warburg's autobiography. 'I am not a Rousseau to publish his *Confessions* to the world,' he says, and he could not speak more truly. When he deals with private experience he writes with an uneasy and somewhat ponderously self-deprecating irony. The value of the book lies in its record of a vocation single-mindedly pursued.

Mr Warburg discovered it, after service as a second-lieutenant in France in 1918 and four years at Oxford, as an apprentice in the twin-firm of Kegan Paul and Routledge, a business solidly based in those days on such compilations as Hoyle's *Games* and Heaton's *Ready Reckoner*, as well as on an impressive list of scholarly works like those in the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method. This series was the child of that remarkable man C. K. Ogden, an enigmatic polymath on whom Mr Warburg throws fresh light. Ogden, it seems, took a small royalty on the sale of every book introduced by him to the firm: 'the Ogden commission, as we called it, reached a quite substantial figure by the second half of the nineteen-twenties'. Very properly, too, when one considers that Ogden had introduced, among many others, Jung, Adler, Kretschmer, Piaget, Koehler, Zuckerman, Rivers, Malinowski, Richards and Wittgenstein. It was Ogden, too, who brought along the manuscript of Haldane's famous essay, *Dædalus, or Science and the Future*, out of which the To-day and Tomorrow series grew.

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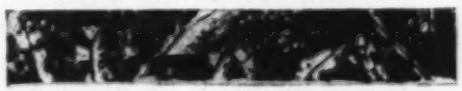

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A Devotional Epic by

M. A. SELJOUK

The Pakistani author of this poem describes himself as "a medieval man misborn into this age." "The poem," he says, "was written in honour of a lady whom I loved insanely and wholeheartedly; but while writing it I could not concentrate exclusively upon her beauty, for another face would rise up before my mind—the face of my beloved City of Hyderabad . . . which has now been snatched away from us."

However generated, medieval or modern, passionate or merely nostalgic, the poem is unique—one of the strangest literary curiosities of 1959. Doughty, Marlowe, James Joyce, William McGonagall and the prophet Isaiah chase each other through its vehement stanzas; but the result has a force, a dignity and a music all its own—the more remarkable in that English is not even the author's native tongue.

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All the same, Routledge-Kegan Paul, while Mr Warburg was there, was a very old-fashioned business; there is a splendid account of the annual visit of the American publisher John Macrae, of E. P. Dutton, to buy books ('How many of this one, d'you think, Stallybrass? Seems like 500 copies to me'); and with new publishing firms and new publishing methods appearing on all sides of him, Mr Warburg chafed at his bosses' conservatism. In 1936, he started his own business by buying the firm of Martin Secker for £3,100 in partnership with Mr Roger Senhouse.

The decision to launch out on his own was closely related to crisis in his personal affairs. It was related, too, to crisis in world affairs: Mr Warburg was not a man of the Thirties for nothing; he believed that human effort, individual or in co-operation with those of others, could influence events. His firm became the chief publishing outlet for the dissident Left, for the Trotskyites and the ILP as against the orthodoxy of Mr Gollancz's Left Book Club, so that, if there is one author in particular who seems to stand for Secker & Warburg it is Orwell, for all that Gollancz published him first.

All this part of *An Occupation for Gentlemen* is of great interest, for the layman never more so, perhaps, than when Mr Warburg is quoting the sales figures of some of the books he published up to 1939. From the beginning his list, inherited partly from that fine publisher, Martin Secker, was distinguished; but Mr Warburg had very little money, so that the success of *Clochemerle* came as 'manna from heaven to a small business'. In fact, it sold 4,734 copies in its first six months and only 7,846 in its first two and a half years, which are certainly not best-seller figures. *Homage to Catalonia*, published in 1938, sold 683 copies in its first six months and the first printing of 1,500 was not exhausted until after Orwell's death in 1950. Gide's *Back from the USSR*, than which no book in its time had a greater or more immediate effect on Left thinking, ran into three impressions of 2,000 copies each – at half-a-crown.

Sales are one thing, number of readers, in these days of universal public libraries, quite another. All the same, the figures Mr Warburg quotes underline a number of morals which, trite to the point of tedium though they may be, remain valid. One is that the influence of some books bears no relation to their sales. Another is that, as yet, there is no adequate substitute for such books. A third, that for their propagation we must depend upon those publishers who follow their craft neither as a trade nor a profession, but as a vocation. No doubt, since all human motives are mixed, this is not the whole story. But at least one can say that publishing still wears a Janus-face: Barabbas stands back-to-back with a figure who, like the late, ever-to-be-lamented Mr Billy Bennett, is at any rate almost a gentleman.

WALTER ALLEN

MIND

A Quarterly Review

of Psychology and Philosophy

Edited by Professor Gilbert Ryle

With the co-operation of Prof. Sir F. C. Bartlett and Prof. C. D. Broad

CONTENTS OF ISSUE FOR OCTOBER 1959

Increase in Subscription and Treasurer's Report
Proof and the Theorem Proved — A. AMBROSE
The Unconscious — I. DILMAN
Sampling and the Problem of Induction — H. A. NIELSEN
On Moral Disagreements — O. A. JOHNSON
Uncharacteristic Actions — B. POWELL

DISCUSSIONS

The Prediction Paradox — A. LYON
On Subjunctive Conditionals with Impossible Antecedents — K. R. POPPER
A Note on Mr. Macintyre's *Determinism* — M. C. BRADLEY
Mr. Harsanyi on Hypothetical Imperatives — B. E. A. LIDDELL
Are Moral Arguments Always Liable to Break Down? — L. J. COHEN
Moral Arguments — W. D. HUDSON
About "*a Rb*" — E. EVANS
Strawson on Referring — C. A. CATON
Keeping — A. R. WHITE
Mr. Watkins on Metaphysics — S. KÖRNER

CRITICAL NOTICE

D. Emmet: *Function, Purpose and Powers* — J. HARTLAND-SWANN

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New Novels

Isolation. By JERZY PETERKIEWICZ. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

The Merry Muse. By ERIC LINKLATER. *Cape.* 16*s.*

The Crossing. By HANS EGON HOLTHUSEN. *Deutsch.* 16*s.*

The Party is Over. By ROGER GRENIER. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

A Quality of Violence. By ANDREW SALKEY. *New Authors.* 15*s.*

A tragi-comic intellectualised ambience of London Pole emanates from Dr Peterkiewicz. It is indefinable but pervasive, like one of those mysterious vegetable scents, the quince, or even the evanescent chrysanthemum. The analogy with Conrad has been drawn so often that it may be tedious to repeat it. There does, however, seem, despite all their differences in generation and background, to be a more than merely superficial resemblance; a specifically Polish racial penchant, perhaps, for obliquity and for introducing metaphysics into unexpected places.

Isolation, his fourth novel, is a very clever book, in some ways a typical poet's novel, mannered, with a tendency towards allegory and elision. Starting like an entertainment, it develops in depth while at the same time becoming increasingly absurd. It is told by Alexander Arnin, a peripatetic international spy, half English, half Levantine Turk. He is married to a refugee Jewish wife who lives in Hampstead, suffers from some obscure, perhaps psychosomatic, spinal disorder. There is no resemblance whatsoever between him and Mr Verloc. They are creatures of different worlds. In *Isolation* the espionage conventions are used as poetic conceits to heighten a love affair and emphasise the human predicament.

The love affair is with Dolores, half Indian wife of a South American ambassador, full of Iberian amorous panache. They pick each other up at one of her parties and plan most elaborately a series of sexual encounters in other people's flats all over London. The most important subterfuge and the one on which the plot turns is Alexander's pretence that his wife, Kira, is still alive, though she in fact committed suicide on the day the affair began and for reasons that had no connection with it. The gradual revelation of Kira's character gives the book a surprise dramatic turn. The action is full of twists, and unexpected sexual revelations, Lesbianism here, exhibitionism and fetichism there, and mysticism all over the place. Alexander tries to find out more about Kira, as well as Dolores; but it seems as if the dead can spy on the living. The espionage convention creaks at times and becomes a bit silly when Alexander makes use of a ludicrous Commander left over from the war. Some of the effects require devices like tape-recorders, and the deepest revelation has to be made in a packet of letters in which Kira apostrophises herself. The writing is firm and precise with minute attention to detail, in contrast to the contrivance and affectation. There is a strange absence of passion, in spite of all the copulation, and no one is ever angry. I get the impression that Dr Peterkiewicz is busy turning his characters into counters in some metaphysical religious game of his own which is too rarefied and esoteric for my earthy temperament; but he is a genuine original all right; you never read this novel before it was written.

Judging by his books, Mr Linklater has been for many years now in a mood of sustained euphoria. This is an enviable state for him but it has its drawbacks for readers who cannot immediately share his elation. *The Merry Muse* is nearly as manic as its title suggests, brimming over with the familiar blend of Scotch heartiness (Lowland, one is now told this is) and bookish bawdiness laced with bon viveur's expertise. The chief character is Max Arbuthnot, a rich Edinburgh lawyer who at sixty is justly proud of being able to come back from a day's stalking and go to bed with a woman half his age between tea and dinner, though he protests his virility so loudly that you will instantly suspect him of dyeing the hair on his chest. His opposite number is a melancholy Gaelic poet who is accident-prone. His funeral is an occasion for a parade of Scottish literary figures headed by Sir Compton in person. The plot is provided by Max's sister whose deceased-schoolmaster-husband (funeral at sea) has left her a collection of Burns's bawdy songs. This gets lost and passed round Edinburgh with that national aphrodisiac effect which is a favourite Linklater device and suggests that he is still a fugitive from puritanism. It is a jerky book and needs to be read indulgently, under specially favourable conditions such as the first autumn cold. The Edinburgh setting is sketched in with enough quirkiness to make you wish for a fuller portrait of this – despite the Festival, with which I daresay the book was originally intended to coincide – really rather underwritten city; but Mr Linklater is too happy to give it to us.

Most books about sea-voyages are by cheerful extraverts. In *The Crossing* a sensitive young German poet describes his tourist passage from New York to Cherbourg in a liner full of young American girl students. He describes it in his diary and in letters to the girl back in Manhattan with whom he had an affair before sailing; this lets him plant his personality and background. The focal points of the voyage are his interest in a moody intellectual campus queen named Mercy, and his Italian friend's in her simpler chum, Joan. The relationships sort themselves gradually out of the flux of shipboard acquaintanceship. It is all told in meticulous detail, but Herr Holthusen has humorous insight into the Teutonic side of his temperament. He writes well and knows just when to switch from philosophical metaphor or sociological generalisation to the observed fact of experience. He does not try to impose any story over and above the course of the voyage and his book is presumably a piece of reporting or managed autobiography rather than fiction, but it is knitted together with an artist's touch.

A lot of the experience in *The Party Is Over*

reads as if it had been directly transcribed. This is an episodic chronicle of a French photographer and his encounters with Constance, a strange hysterical adventuress, a natural, and, indeed, professional animatrice. He meets her first working, rather equivocally, for the resistance in Toulouse, next in Paris during the liberation, again in Greece during the 1948 civil war, finally in North Africa. M. Grenier makes these experiences the occasion for a rather conventional protest of all-round moral disillusionment but his hero's camera seems to have been always ready to record the atrocity, whoever had committed it.

A Quality of Violence is an interesting first novel by a young Caribbean writer now a schoolmaster in this country. It is a single dramatic episode that happens in a Jamaican bush village in 1900 – though I seem to remember hearing about it as a traditional event in Trinidad. During a fearful drought, the villagers under the influence of the local Obeah cult – a strange mixture of African and Christian ritual known as Pocomania, most ingeniously described by Mr Salkey who, I think, has drawn on Haitian voodoo in order to pep up the rather tamer Jamaican variety – become seized with a mass psychosis. There is a dreadful outbreak of violence, sacrificial whippings and stonings. The book seems to start and finish out of the blue, but the characters, especially Dada Johnson, the obeah man, are very much there. The writing is effectively jagged; altogether a distinctly promising *tour de force*.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Proust Again

Marcel Proust. By RICHARD H. BARKER. *Faber.* 36*s.*

Biographical collision is a great nuisance, and there seems no way of guarding against it. It is very hard luck for Dr Richard Barker that his book follows so closely on the heels of Mr George Painter's. It was out before Mr Painter's in America, and when I read it I said that it was the most *complete* biography to date. To that date, it was: I only wish it had been possible for us to read Dr Barker first, so that he could have had a more thorough deal. For his was the first biography to appear after the publication of *Jean Santeuil* and *Contre Sainte-Beuve*.

He is not an elegant writer: but he is a conscientious and sensible one, and his book is a valuable repository of all the known facts – up to August this year. Mr Painter's more extensive unearthing, his greater imaginative *bravura*, his more skilful analytic method, stand in the way of a proper appreciation of what Dr Barker has done. Let me say at once that I think Proustians will do well to have both books on their shelves. Dr Barker's *Marcel Proust* is a very useful handbook. It is remarkably well organised. But the unvarnished fact is that it finds itself matched, by sheer bad fortune, against a biographical masterpiece.

On the sexual question of Proust's life Dr Barker is reasonable and interesting; but here he has not explored quite deeply enough. (There seems little doubt now that Proust's passion for Jeanne Pouquet was something more than a pretence and that there is a great deal more to Albertine than Agostinelli.) He seems, I think, to *contradict* Proust too much: the 'madeleine' device really did, for Proust, spring the trap of memory, and it is no use regarding it merely as a literary contrivance. But it is this point, and some others like it, which now form the most interesting and arguable aspect of Dr Barker's study.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Privy Seals

A Seal Flies By. By R. H. PEARSON. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*

On the subject of seals and their behaviour in relation to man the public has been snared by so much fiction disguised as fact that Mr Pearson's book is, for those interested in such matters, an important landmark. He obtained two Brown Seal pups with the idea of rearing them and training them to share his own subaquatic hobbies. One died before weaning, but not before providing much entertainment for the reader; the other, in the hands of Mr R. M. Lockley, was successfully reared only to choose freedom while being filmed.

The seals, like other real seals before them, but unlike story-book seals, obstinately refused to suck milk from a rubber teat. They could only be nourished by a tube forced down their throats into their stomachs, and acquired such a liking for this treatment that the red rubber enema tube could be used to call them from any distance at which they could see it. Mr Pearson adds piquancy to this bizarre situation by a restrained presentation of the ludicrous perspective in which his activities were viewed by his Aunt Mary and Cousin Emily:

> 'Quite *extraordinary*', said Aunt Mary . . . 'Ronnie blows them up with some sort of *bicycle* pump – just like those rubber animals children have on the beach. Then they lie about with their eyes closed making the most *unpleasant* noises . . .'
>
> 'They don't like fresh water a bit, poor things!' said Cousin Emily; 'they have to come out straight-away into the hot sun. . . . And then he starts inflating them all over again'.

Mr Pearson's seals were not musical, and they displayed no more desire to help about the house than do other children. They were, however, very intelligent, and differed widely in character. The book sets out to entertain, and does so; it is perhaps unavoidable that there should be here and there a hint of the facetious and a little anthropomorphising – but perhaps not all Mr Pearson's readers will share my aversion to human words put into animal mouths.

Few facts about his pets can have been arid, and one could wish for more. It is curious, too, that he seems to imply that the Brown Seal is local to the East coast of England, and certain of his speculations on seal vision – after comparing the muddy waters of the Wash with the territorial waters of the Atlantic Seals – might as a result be misleading, for the Brown Seal is commonest of all in the pellucid waters of North West Scotland and the Hebrides. But the book, illustrated by twenty-six photographs and numerous line drawings, is both interesting and light. There are passages that suggest Mr Pearson to be more of a poet than he will allow.

GAVIN MAXWELL

Among the works of literary scholarships from America which have been published here this year are Richard Hindry Barker's study of *Thomas Middleton* (Columbia: Oxford, 25s.), C. L. Barber's *Shakespeare's Festive Comedy* (Princeton: Oxford, 40s.), Lily B. Campbell's *Divine Poetry and Drama in Sixteenth-Century England* (California: Cambridge, 35s.) and Milton Wilson's *Shelley's Later Poetry* (Columbia: Oxford, 48s.). *From Jane Austen to Joseph Conrad*, edited by Robert C. Rathburn and Martin Steinmann (Minnesota: Oxford, 45s.) is a collection of essays (in memory of James T. Hillhouse) on English novels: contributors include J. Y. T. Greig on Thackeray, Douglas Bush on Dickens's humour.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,546 **Set by Naomi Lewis**

Robert Graves once quoted the following definitions from a dictionary for children, compiled by Anna Brownwell Murphy about 1810:

> To ABANDON, is to leave or go away from; an *abandoned* man or woman means a *very wicked* man or woman.
>
> . . . . To ABHOR, to hate, to dislike very much indeed; as '*God abhors liars.*'

Prizes are offered for a set of three words with definitions, equally flavoured with current assumptions about morality, suitable for a modern children's dictionary. Entries by 20 October.

PYKE

The Unknown Genius

by DAVID LAMPE

David Lampe has written an enthralling account of the strange life and unexplained death of Geoffrey Pyke, the inventor whose war-time ideas astonished Churchill and who became Mountbatten's backroom boffin. Pyke's inventive genius embraced education, commerce, mechanics and sociology as well as war.

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EVANS

Result of No. 1,543 **Set by Man Friday**

This month sees the tercentenary of Robinson Crusoe's landing on the desert island; the 250th anniversary of the birth of Dr Johnson; and a Russian rocket hitting the moon. Competitors are invited to submit *either* Crusoe's reflections on his rocket-wreck on the moon *or* Dr Johnson's comments on the Russian achievement in conversation with Boswell. Limit, 150 words.

Report

Dr Johnson – readier with his words than Crusoe, but then his was a less alarming position – was as unpredictable as had been foreseen. It rather depended on Boswell's line, *e.g.*:

But it is done by Muscovites.
Pray, sir, clear your mind of cant. I can honour their scientists and detest their statesmen (Vera Telfer).

You find no advantage in the exploit then?
I did not say that. As a lexicographer I can only rejoice at such a practical definition of 'lunacy' (Martin Fagg).

Other dicta of Johnson's: 'Depend on't, Sir, the prospect of mutual annihilation is a wonderful incentive to amicability!' (R. Kennard Davis), and 'If I were twenty years younger I should go, and so would any man of spirit. But I could not go alone: to be altogether solitary in the vastness of the universe would require fortitude of mind I cannot command' (Audrey L. Laski).

For Crusoe, who saw the earth now shining green, now red, several competitors produced matter-of-fact balance-sheets of Evil and Good – *e.g.*, 'I am cast up on the Moon, without means of return' was matched by 'But I am on *luna firma*, and not revolving in space like my space-ship crew' (D. R. Peddy), while J. E. Cherry put 'Television contact with the earth has been severed' in both plus and minus columns. Honourable mention to these, to Ian Allan, H. A. C. Evans, R. Kennard Davis, and Desmond Skirrow. Two guineas each to Stanley J. Sharpless, Gloria Prince and J. A. Lindon, a guinea to Nancy Gunter.

DR JOHNSON'S COMMENTS

BOSWELL. 'Is the Russian feat to be praised or censured?' JOHNSON. 'Why, praised, Sir. For' (with a smile) 'they have overcome the force of *Gravity*, and that is not easy, as Garrick will testify. Truly, the Man in the Moon has received a blow in the eye; let us hope the fellow is a Whig.' Then, checking himself, he said in a serious tone, 'When I caused Rasselas to fly through the air, that was to push Fancy to the limits of Probability. To fly through the awful immensities of Space smacks of cosmic impiety.' BOSWELL. 'Would you volunteer to go to the Moon?' JOHNSON. 'No, Sir. And for the first man to reach it, of whatsoever nation, the noblest prospect there will be that of the planet Earth, shining down from the lunar sky. Sir, I would not be in that man's shoes for all the gold in Siberia.'

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

B.: Sir, this is a most astonishing feat. J.: Why, Sir, it is astonishing, I grant you, but astonishment does not last. I have been astonished many times, but I would not call the occasions great ones. But what is this? Come, you dog, let me share the joke. B.: Sir, forgive me, but I was thinking how astonished the moon people would be if Doctor Johnson were to step out of the projectile into their midst. They would find that occasion a great one, I'll warrant. J.: Why, Sir, in so doing they would show no more than a most fitting appreciation. B.: Sir, the emergence of a *Russian* bear would astonish them no less. J.: You permit yourself a liberty, Sir. The superiority of a cultivated human being to a mere animal or an uncouth Scotchman would quickly be apparent even to the barbarous inhabitants of a moon.

GLORIA PRINCE

B.: But, Sir, you will grant it is a unique achievement. J.: Why, Sir, that is nothing to go by. It would be a unique achievement if Garrick were to give us Hamlet in a bird-cage. It is the quality of the achievement that counts. B.: But, Sir, is it not a step on the way to the moon? J.: No, Sir, that cannot be. The way to the moon is like a ladder with the rungs missing: either you are safely up or down, or you are fallen out of sight; there are no steps on the way. B.: Sir, it shows that the moon can be reached by man. J.: Sir, it shows nothing of the kind. A man may throw stones across a river without being able to jump across. It was a foolish thing cleverly done, an impious thing, and there's an end to it.

J. A. LINDON

CRUSOE'S REFLECTIONS ON HIS ROCKET-WRECK

After the impact of my unceremonious landing on Luna I examined the wreckage of my rocket. Alas! the delicate instruments contained therein were completely demolished and I had now no means of communication with my native Planet. When I had recovered somewhat I hastened to check my survival equipment, which being unharmed permitted me to consider this awful situation. Naught but desolation surrounded me, I seemed the sole living thing on this dead globe. Earth loomed redly overhead: 'O World, would I were back in your safe keeping!' I cried in despair. 'Poor Robin Crusoe will nevermore hear human speech!' What immediately followed was both astonishing and diverting, for a voice at my very elbow exclaimed 'Tovaritch!' and a green parrot encased in apparatus that enabled it both to speak and to be heard by anyone equipped as I was, on the soundless Moon, perched on my shoulder. Reflecting that 'Tovaritch' was the Russian word for 'Comrade' I rejoiced to think I had found a friend in need.

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The Chess Board

No. 517. The Will to Win

'When I have White,' old 'Bogol' used to say (not quite truthfully), 'I win because I have White, when I have Black I win because I am Bogoljubov.' The only true point about this is a grandmaster's indomitable determination to fight for every ½ point; even in a position such as this: /8/7p/6p1/2kt2p2/3kp3/6PP/1Kt2PPK1/8/. This was Füster-Gligoric, Portoroz 1958 after Black's 41st, and even though Black's position *looks* a bit better it would be hard for any adjudicator to *prove* more than a draw. But what mattered was that Füster with a score of 2 was at the bottom of the table whereas Gligoric had 11 and, three rounds from the finish, just couldn't afford to drop ½ point against an outsider if he wished to stay in the running for the Candidates' Tournament. So he refused the draw and fought on with that very pluck and resourcefulness he *would* conjure up in such a predicament. True enough, like all brave men, he was favoured by fortune, in as much as his opponent slipped a bit in the end, but then that was exactly what was to be expected in such circumstances. Here then is how the game proceeded.

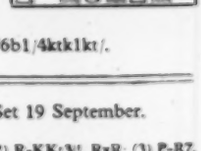
(42) Kt-Q1, Kt-Kt6; (43) Kt-Kt2, Kt-Q7 [Gligoric was well aware that the more obvious . . . K-B6 had been thoroughly analysed by his opponent during the adjournment, hence the text-move was 'good psychology']; (44) Kt-Q1, Kt-B5; (45) K-B1, P-Kt4; (46) K-Kt2, P-R4; (47) P-R4, P-Kt5 [Now, what with Füster's chronic time trouble, Gligoric does get a chance]; (48) K-Kt1, P-K6; (49) K-Kt2? [He should have gone in for the P-ending and a safe draw by Kt x P, but he hadn't the time to consider it], P x P; (50) Kt x P, Kt-K6 ch; (51) K-Kt1, P-B5; (52) P x P?? [Now he is really lost, but by Kt-Q3-B4 he could have still secured the draw], Kt-B4; (53) Kt-Q1, K-K5!; (54) P-K3, K-B6!; (55) K-R2, Kt x RP; (56) K-Kt1, Kt-B4; (57) K-B1 P-R5; (58) K-Kt1, P-Kt6, and White resigned.

I took this from *Interzonen-Turnier Portoroz* 1958, most ably edited and annotated by *Gligoric* and *Matanovic* and published by *Schach-Archiv*, Hamburg at DM 14.40. What I like about this book is the way the dramatic tension is maintained by the chapter-headings and the round-by-round comments. There are some pictures too, as well as the history of the previous Interzonals, biographical notes on the players and a most interesting and thorough account of the tournament's new light on the Ruy and the Sicilian. Now here is Matanovic saddling Tal (the victor of Portoroz) with his only defeat.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, P-Q3; (3) P-Q4, P x P; (4) Kt x P, Kt-KB3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-QR3; (6) B-KKt5, QKt-Q2; (7) B-QB4, Q-R4; (8) Q-Q2, P-K3; (9) O-O-O, P-QKt4; (10) B-Kt3, B-Kt2, (11) P-B3, B-K2; (12) K-Kt1!? [Preparing for his venture], P-Kt5; (13) Kt-Q5, P x Kt; (14) Kt-B5, B-KB1; (15) P x P, O-O-O [Leads into trouble. Some time later, in the same position, Tal played . . . Q-Kt3 with better success]; (16) P-QR3, P-KR3; (17) P x P, Q-B2, (18) B-KB4, P-Kt3 [probably best]; (19) Kt x RP, Kt-K4; (20) B-Kt5, B x Kt; (21) B x B, Kt-B5; (22) B x Kt, Q x B; (23) B-Kt7, Kt x P; (24) P-QKt3, Q x P(b4); (25) Q x Q, Kt x Q; (26) B x R, R x B; (27) R x P, Kt-Q4; (28) P-QB4, Kt-K6; (29) R-KB6, Kt x P; (30) R x BP, R-Q1; (31) K-B2, Kt-R5; (32) R-Kt1, R-Q2; (33) R-K8 ch, K-B2; (34) R(8)-K7, R x R; (35) R x R ch, K-Kt3; (36) P-B4, Kt-Kt7; (37) R-K6 ch, K-R2; (38) R-B6, B-K5 ch; (39) K-B3, P-R4; (40) K-Kt2, P-R5; (41) P-Kt4, Kt-K6; (42) R-K6! (K-B3?) Kt x P ch, (43) K-B3, B-Q4; (44) R x P, Kt-Kt3; (45) P-R4, P-R6; (46) P-Kt5, B-B2; (47) R-Kt1, P-R7; (48) K-K2, K-Kt1; (49) R-Kt7 and soon won.

The 4-pointer for beginners shows Tal as his usual triumphant self; lucky too, since his opponent blundered by . . .B-Q2. How was he punished. **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both draws, and quite pretty. Usual prizes. Entries by 19 October.

A: Mikhail Tal 1958



B: G. Lauer, 1959: /4k3/2K5/3P4/kt4R2/16/4p2b/8/.

C: F. S. Bondarenko, 1959: /8/2P5/5p2/1P1p1K2/3p4/3P4/6b1/4ktk1kt/.

REPORT on No. 514. Set 19 September.

A: (1) R-B8!!, resigns.

B: (1) R-R3 ch, K-Kt2 (forced), (2) R-KKt3!, RxR; (3) P-R7, R-Kt8; (4) K-Kt2, R-Kt7 ch; (5) KxP, R-Kt6 ch; (6) K-Kt4, R-Kt5 ch; (7) K-Kt5, R-Kt4 ch; (8) K-Kt6, R-Kt3 ch (9) K-Kt7 etc.

C: (1) R-QR6 ch!! (B-Q3?), PxR; (2) B-B2 ch!, K-R4; (3) Kt-B6 ch!, PxKt; (4) B-Kt1!!, K-R5 (forced); (5) B-B2 ch, K-R4, (6) B-Kt1 and draws either by repetition or stalemate.

Well over a score of flawless solutions. Prizes: G. A. Gantry, C. H. Jago, J. F. Kahn, P. E. S. Power, J. J. Walsh, M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

City Lights

The Man of Property

The first problem in the Jasper Affair is the relation between Mr Grunwald and the State. The directors of the State say that £3¼m. was advanced pending the completion of mortgages on various Lintang properties; Mr Grunwald, while he was still in Israel, declared that the £3¼m. was used, as it was meant to be used, to effect the purchase of Lintang. Apart from the contradiction, it is not easy to see how one can properly borrow on mortgage before the properties to be mortgaged have been acquired, particularly if they are mortgaged already. The second problem is the source of Jasper group finance. Mr Grunwald has referred several times to a group of associates. He has named Mr Jasper and Mr Murray (of the State) as two of these associates – a suggestion which they do not appear to welcome – but has so far refused to name the rest. It was some of these unnamed associates, he claims, who let him down over Lintang and precipitated the crisis. The acquisition of Lintang called for £7m. The State provided £3¼m.; Martins Bank turned nasty, but Lloyds put up £500,000 and Mr Joseph £1¼m. on comfortable security; even so, Mr Grunwald was still £250,000 short. It is the more surprising that he should have gone ahead with a £1.2m. bid for Ely Brewery. Only half the money for this bid could be raised, rumours multiplied, and the affair was swept out of Mr Grunwald's hands. One can only assume that the defection of his associates – or the number of people who accepted the offer for Lintang – took him completely by surprise.

The third problem, of course, is the unravelling of the financial knot. The directors of the State have suggested that the maximum possible loss to their shareholders is about 20 per cent. (apparently the £3¼m.), while Mr Grunwald seems to think that everything may yet turn out all right. The danger lies in the fact that a pyramid seems to have been built on the inflated share prices of Jasper group companies and that these prices are unlikely to return: at the annual meeting of a Jasper group company last week the auditor finally admitted what was already suspected, that the bulk of its sizeable investment portfolio consisted of holdings in other Jasper companies. At present, too, Mr Joseph, who sold (with his fellow-directors) a 51 per cent. holding in Lintang for £3¼m. and was paid for it, has a 52 per cent. holding in Lintang (plus a sizeable slice of another Jasper company) as collateral for a loan of 1¼m.; the banks – Martins, Williams Deacon's, Lloyds – probably hold other chunks of the empire. People who are in a jam have to pawn their assets for a good deal less than they are worth; if only Mr Grunwald could lay his hands on a little money he could probably make things come, not straight, but at least a little straighter, and the agitation which the whole affair has aroused in the Jewish financial community may yet come to his rescue.

The investigation will go on whatever happens. 'Well,' the chairman of the State is reported as saying, 'maybe I am an old fool but I have not been dishonest: I have just been a little too trusting.' The Building Societies' Association has been quick to cash in on the affair, pointing out that the State is not one of its members and that the proper job of a building society is to lend to owner-occupiers; it has said rather less about the fact that the Halifax and the Provincial, two large and respectable societies, are not members either and that most of its members lend on mortgage to property companies from time to time. The regular returns of building society loans to limited companies, which long ago showed up the operations of the State, show the Lion (a non-member) as lending £1.7m. in the past year but the Co-operative Permanent and the Alliance (both large and both members) as lending £1.2m. and £850,000. Obviously societies which tie up a large proportion of their assets in loans to property companies are more vulnerable, particularly if the property companies are associated; but this does not affect the principle at issue. Friendly societies, as the law still regards them, nowadays compete vigorously with one another for business, and any upstart society which attempts to catch up with the established giants is likely to run into this kind of trouble. If it offers higher rates to attract funds, it must earn a higher return on them; and it can do so only by lending to property companies; indeed, if higher rates pull in large sums, as they have done during the past few months, it is forced to lend to property companies as fast as it can to avoid making a loss. Even if it does not offer higher rates but relies on sheer salesmanship to expand, it will be unable to build up its reserves; the government scheme giving trustee status to deposits on certain conditions has induced certain perfectly respectable societies to lend to property companies rather than to owner-occupiers for the sake of making a better profit and building up their reserves to the required level. It is the whole structure of the building society movement, not merely certain aspects of it, which needs an overhaul.

The City – no, perhaps not: one has to watch one's nomenclature – one newspaper suggested last week that, while the Socialists were entitled to make all the capital they could out of the Jasper affair, it was not really a 'City' matter but one of 'Mayfair-finance'. The same newspaper, the next day, pointed out that it had not been referring to Mayfair Finance Ltd.

Company News

Stock markets have been more concerned with the election than with company news this week. *Glaxo* has reported a sharp rise in profits during the second half of its financial year, a rise which makes the relatively modest rise in the year's profit – from £5.76m. to £5.87m – of minor importance: the increase in the dividend, from the equivalent of 11⅛ to 14 per cent, is no more than might have been expected. *Great Universal Stores* has finally brought out its scheme for reorganising the Preference share capital of its many acquisitions, offering holders conversion into two Preference issues of the parent company; the terms are good enough to have pushed up prices all round. The chairman of *Vitamins*, in his annual statement, has no comment to make on the offer from United Molasses which was turned down a couple of months ago, but he suggests that things are going well and hints that further capital may be needed. The cost of moving the factory from Hammersmith would be 'considerable', but the move would be of advantage not only to the company but to everyone in the habit of walking from Hammersmith to Chiswick Mall. *Armstrong Shock Absorbers* has had another record year on the back of the motor industry, with group profits up from £677,000 to £795,000 and with a dividend increased from 25 to 35 per cent. still nearly four times covered by earnings.

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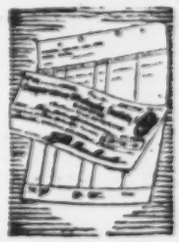

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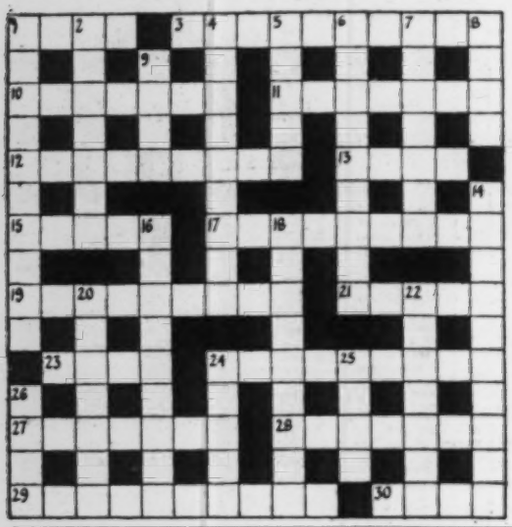
Week-end Crossword 374

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 374, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 20 Oct.



ACROSS

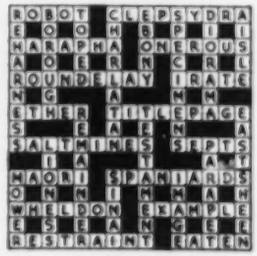
1. County flower show? (4).
3. The butterfly's activity is extreme in the dance (10).
10. 'All the —— is Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream' (*J. Cæsar*) (7).
11. Tender but going bad in the middle (7).
12. Abode which has the reverse of short commons? (9).
13. Complain when half the rehearsal is put back (4).
15. Scene of battle in which time retreats (5).
17. Metal which makes clubs match (9).
19. Cheese will do as a means of getting rid of mice without a limb (9).
21. Fuel town (5).
23. Examination in ethics without a manuscript (4).
24. Unrecognisably I sail on to seclusion (9).
27. What the school does with the money for the centre (7).
28. The heath after a morning in the country (7).
29. Absconder in a nocturnal vehicle? (10).
30. Hard workers in county without capital (4).

DOWN

1. Splendour of a fish with a nice variegated tail (10).
2. Better relations in holiday accommodation with a river running round it (7).
4. There is possibly no U simile for a car (9).
5. Hat for work in the sand (5).
6. Enemies of the spirit may make cross exit (9).
7. Conclude there is no other world (7).
8. The game is up for this dress (4).
9. Shrewd chief (4).
14. Loud noises about interior climbing plants (10).
16. Composed of hoops (9).
18. The healer makes Homer and company turn up in something of Hippocrates (9).
20. The messenger makes a show of hesitation before the dog in my grasp (7).
22. Without the bulb the view would be good (7).
24. People in nice nighties (5).
25. The final word in the midst of sorrow (4).
26. 'Oh, lift me as a wave, a ——, a cloud!' (Shelley) (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 372



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 372

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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London, NW1.
Ambassador 1001

ERNA Low Travel Service. Please see our display advertisement on page 476 of the Winter Sunshine supplement.

WINTER Sports the 'en famille' way in Austria, Germany, Switzerland, etc. Get to know the people of the country you visit by staying with them in their homes and enjoying the friendly atmosphere of a private family. Write for illustrated Brochure: EFA, 1 New Burlington Street, Regent St, London, W1. REGent 8866.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150 Indian National Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon., WC1. HOL. 1193.

SCHOOLS

KING Alfred School (F.1898) Prog. Co. Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, NW11.

TUTORIAL Department in preparatory school has a few vacancies for boys requiring extra help for Common Entrance. Details from the Secretary, Overthorpe Hall Preparatory School, nr Banbury, Oxon.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, school farm. TT cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship - Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION LIMITED

EDUCATION OFFICER (SCIENCE GRADUATE)

Associated-Rediffusion requires EDUCATION OFFICER to be responsible mainly for the planning of SCIENCE programmes for Schools and for the preparation of ancillary literature for teachers and pupils. The person appointed will also be required to maintain contact with schools and educational organisations and to represent the Company, when required, in scientific matters. Good academic qualifications and an imaginative grasp of the educational possibilities of television are essential. Salary will not be less than £1,500 per annum. Superannuation Scheme.

The successful candidate will be expected to take up the appointment not later than 1 April 1960.

Requests for application forms should reach the Assistant General Manager (Staff), Associated-Rediffusion Ltd, Television House, Kingsway, WC2, by 24 October, 1959.

STELLA FISHER
IN THE STRAND

Ambitious young women embarking on a secretarial career are invited to come and see us. From a wide circle of clients in the professions and in commerce, a happy choice would most probably result. STELLA FISHER BUREAU, 436 Strand, Charing Cross, WC2. TEM. 6644. Licensed Annually by LCC. Member of the Employment Agents' Federation.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in Classics. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have an Honours Degree and should be prepared to lecture on Latin and/or Greek for Pass Degree and Honours and (if called upon) to share in the (first-year Pass) Ancient History course. Experience of teaching classics, whether in a school or at a university, will be a recommendation. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 per annum. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applns close in Australia and London on 30 Oct., 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur, Appointment of Bursar. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Candidates should have a recognised professional qualification in Accountancy, and have wide professional and administrative experience in handling finance. The successful candidate will be required to take up duties as soon as possible. The salary offered depends on qualifications and experience and is within the scale $1,200 × 50-1,550/1,600 × 50-1,650. The bar at $1,550 is a promotion bar and will be subject to a Board of Review. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Malaya and London, on 2 November 1959.

CHILD Care. Married couple reqd as deputies to Warden and Matron at 'Mythe House', Cook's Lane, Mayford, Surrey, a special home for 14 boys, 11-15 years, presenting behaviour problems resulting from emotional disturbance. Applicants must have experience in residential care of deprived or maladjusted adolescents, preference being given to possessors of approved qualifications. Housefather should be able to encourage boys in spare-time hobbies interests and games; Housemother required to assist in domestic management house; comfortable furnished quarters. Housefather £500 to £580, Housemother £475-£555 comm. according to quals and exp. Both less £134 14s. for board, etc. Four weeks' leave. Apply Children's Officer (CH/WDO/2098), LCC, County Hall, London, SE1.

SECRETARY required for Trade Union Officer, 5-day week, salary at 24 – £11 per week, 3 weeks' holiday, 4 weeks after 3 years' service. Apply General Secretary, ASSET, Sutton House, 2-4 Homerton High Street, E9. AMH. 4792.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council Education Officer's Department. Applications are invited from trained or experienced Social Workers (men or women) for appointment as Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work in the Education Officer's Department. The successful candidates will have to train and advise voluntary Care Committee workers in a wide range of preventive case-work for school children and their families, which will include enabling parents to use all the social services available and assisting them in problems arising from primary poverty and difficult family relationships. Organisers are expected to direct, co-ordinate and participate to a varying degree in Case-work. Salary £625-£830. Commencing rate according to experience and qualifications. Exceptionally, part-time engagements may be considered. Application forms with details, obtainable from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/E), County Hall London, SE1. Returnable by 16 October, 1959. (2079)

MIDDLESEX County Council. Assistant Youth Employment Officer reqd initially at Willesden Youth Employment Bureau. Good education essential; experience in teaching, youth employment or industry desirable. Salary APT. I £640-£795 p.a. (if over 26). Commencing salary according to ability, quals & exper. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Gt George St, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 19 Oct. Prescribed conditions. (Quote B.241, NS & N.)

THE National Adult School Union is seeking a person, preferably between 30 and 45 years of age, with good educational qualification, and preferably with knowledge of the Movement, to assist in the formation of new Adult School Groups in Birmingham, especially (though not exclusively) in members' homes. Gifts of leadership are necessary and a concern for work among those sections of the community to whom formal education does not appeal. The appointment will be for up to 4 years in the first instance. Salary £550-£800, according to qualification and experience. Applications (in writing) should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, National Adult School Union, 35 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

CHILD Care. Married couple reqd as Warden and Matron at 'Dixcot', 8 North Drive, SW16, a special home for 20 girls 11-15 yrs presenting behaviour problems of considerable difficulty. Duties onerous and exacting, calling for high degree of patience, tact and understanding; comparable experience with adolescent girls essential. Recognised qualifications an advantage. Matron must also be competent to undertake domestic management of home. Comf. self-contained furnished quarters provided. Warden £660-£790, Matron £595-£675, commencing according to quals and expce. Both less £134 14s. for board, etc. Six weeks' leave. Apply Children's Officer (CH/WDO/2097), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

THE John Lewis Partnership invites applications from women between the ages of 25 and 40 willing to work in any part of the country, for training in the New Year for management posts in the retail trade. Pay during training not less than £550 a year. All workers are partners and share all profits, with good holidays, sick pay, shopping discount, subsidised meals and non-contributory pension scheme. Women with a real interest in shopkeeping should apply, giving full particulars including education and career to the present time, to the Director of Personnel, John Lewis & Co. Ltd, Oxford Street, within two weeks of the date of this advertisement. Applications will not be acknowledged before 9 November.

RESEARCH Department of Civil Service trade union requires young graduate with good honours degree (preferably in Economics with associated studies in statistics) as Assistant Research Officer. Analysis of salary data arising from Civil Service pay research unit reports will form the major part of the work but the normal run of trade union research will also be covered. Contract, subject to probation of six months, for a minimum period of three years and maximum of five years. Starting pay dependent on age and qualifications but not less than £655 per annum. Five day week. Four weeks annual leave. Superannuation provision. Canteen available. Apply to the General Secretary, Institution of Professional Civil Servants, Queen Anne's Chambers, 28 Broadway, London, SW1.

YOUNG men of good education required to train for short period to become Medical representatives for London company of Manufacturing Chemists marketing ethical products through the medical profession. Applicants must be prepared to reside in Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester or Liverpool, after training. The work is interesting and stimulating (no selling) and an adequate salary will be paid. Write fullest details in confidence to Box 11489.

CLERICAL Officer (female) required by Medical Research Council for Rheumatism Research Unit, Canadian Red Cross Memorial Hospital, Taplow, Maidenhead, Berks. Shorthand-typing essential, knowledge of medical or scientific terminology advantage. Salary on scale £462 rising to £690 under equal pay arrangements. Write (full details and two refs) to Hospital Secretary.

EXECUTIVE (25-35) required for foreign advertising in British newsp., with lively mind, capac. for indep. work. Good English and abil. write letters essential. Knowl. lang. advant. Box 11503.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Senior lecturer or lecturer in Russian. Applications are invited for the above position in the Department of Modern Languages. Applicants should be Honours graduates in Russian of some British Commonwealth or foreign University and should have had some experience of University teaching. The appointee will be required to teach Linguistics and Literature (with some Philology). The salary range for a Senior Lecturer is £1,315 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,615 per annum and for a Lecturer £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275 per annum. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 15 November, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham. Research Workers required (male or female) to assist with a large scale research project in the field of Criminology. Starting salary £700 per annum. Candidates should have a degree in one of the social sciences, research experience and an interest in Criminology. Brief details of the project and form of application, which should be returned by 7 November, 1959, from the Registrar.

THE Mount School, York. The post of Headmistress becomes vacant at the beginning of the Autumn Term 1960. Applicants should be members of the Society of Friends or in close sympathy or association with its work. Further particulars can be obtained from the address below. Applications, along with three recent testimonials and the names of three referees, should be sent before 31 October, to The Chairman of the Governors, c/o Ford and Warren, 61 Albion Street, Leeds 1.

CITIZENS' Advice Bureau Service in Central London. Social workers needed with suitable experience and qualifications for work in the Family Welfare Association's Citizens' Advice Bureau Service. Training provided, during which salary paid. When trained salary £470 × £15 to £560. Salary scales now under review. Apply in writing to CAB Liaison Officer, Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

RESIDENT Hostess/Manageress reqd small home adult international students. Interest in young people essent. Box 11487.

BOOKSHOP. Antiquarian bookseller in North London requires assistant (lady, but not too ladylike) to work up quickly into responsible position. Good typing essential, office experience would help, bookshop experience not necessary – we'd rather you learnt it our way. Starting salary £8, half-day Saturday. Please give age and experience. Box 11513.

PUBLISHING. There is an interesting vacancy for an intelligent shorthand-typist, on the editorial side at Putnam & Co., 42 Great Russell Street, WC1.

PART-time Social Worker required to do welfare work and lead Club for girls leaving an Educationally Sub-normal School in E. London. Box 11547.

EXPERIENCED teachers English to Foreigners reqd part-time, Language School, NW London. Also native French, German, Italian Teachers. Box 11515.

SECRETARY, 21/26, for editor in well-known publishers. Sal. to £11. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

THE Duchess of Malfi or a Woman of No Importance you will be Wilde if you miss a good job at the Winifred Johnson Bureau, 114 Holborn (nxt Gamages) EC1. HOL 0390.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. Telephone TEM. 6644. Employment Agency for male and female office staff.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

AN intelligent young man of 26 gave up acting for less insecure career in commerce. Is now a slightly more intelligent young man of 28 and hopes that someone can offer him more interesting employment than he has so far found. Box 11554.

NEWSWOMAN, American, 37, arriving mid-Dec., would like to live and work in England. Exp. news/feature reporting, sevrl yrs ed./pub. own monthly; often imaginative writer; desires city or cntry post. Box 11010.

EFFICIENT Secretary sks post with individual. Knowledge history, economics, French. Willing travel. Good refs. Box 11534.

FREELANCE journalist, 41, intelligent, completely reliable, healthy, no ties, knowledge foreign exchange, etc., seeks post involving travel or residence abroad. Distance, conditions of travel, etc., immaterial. Box 11329.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

COMFORTABLY furn. single bedsitter, h. & c.w., in 1st floor flat, Finchley Rd. For prof. or bus. gentleman. Tel.: HAM. 0720.

BACHELOR – third share in Mews flat. Own room semi-furnished. LAN. 5421.

LGE b/s. rm in s/c. flat Maida Vale dist. 50s. incl. Use k. & b. CUN. 9683.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

A VERY attractive single b/sit. room, all amenities. 47s. 6d. TUD. 8844.

FLAT-sharer departing Kenya leaves vacancy one girl, spacious flat near Baker Street. AMB. 3980.

INDEPENDENT b/s. for lady. Swiss Cottage, use kit., bath., c.h.w., fridge; fitted carpet, tel. £2 10s. Box 11546.

SALUBRIOUS Putney. Newly dec. furn. flat, liv.-rm, 2 bedrms, kit., frig., bath, w.c., boxrm. PUT. 3713 after 7 p.m.

HIGHGATE, well-furn. flat, 1 or 2 business people. 5 gns week. MOU. 3676.

YOUNG Tory professional has dignified West End flat to dispose of to same or as aspiring Labourite. Two rooms, kit/d.r., bathroom, C.h., c.h.w. £380 per annum incl. 6 years' lease. Fine f. and f. £1,500. Oliver, CHA. 6708/AMB. 0364.

LANC. Gate Stn Grads (m), mid 20's, sk 1/2 share large furn. mews. AMB. 4112.

WELL-furn. sgle b/s-rm, quiet, clean, priv. house. C.h.w., linen. HAM. 8698.

£3 a week, 3 unfurn. rooms, share kit. and bathroom. W11. Box 11578.

LADY wishes to share her charming Putney flat (near Heath, close buses and shops) with congenial tenant. Own private bedroom and share of large flat with all mod. cons, including constant hot water and part central heating, for 4 gns. wkly. PUT. 9872.

CAPTIVE parents wishing escape 2 small girls odd evgs offer comf. b/s. Muswell Hill (ckg facs/use bthrm) exch. moderate rent & occas. baby-sitting. TUD. 3581.

ST JOHN'S Wood. In sup. res., charm. strict. sep. room, facing south, overl. gdn, quiet, nr shops, bus, 3 gns. incl. el., lin., some serv. Usual fac. Suit bus./prof. MAI. 5647.

OFF Finchley Rd. 2 comf. furn. rooms, select dist., gd. views. Belling, water, lin., use b. 4½ gns. Bus. lady. HAM. 5114.

BED-sit. suit young person, all facilities. £2 10s. incl. BAT tersea 5875.

LGE pleas. divan sit.-rm, 8 mins E. Finchley Tube. Ckg facs. Mod. gas fire. Baths. linen, etc., 45s. p.w. TUD. 0423.

HAMPSTEAD for 1. Lge furn. b/s. Lge b. & k. Own tel. Ev. priv. MAI. 2821.

LECTURER'S small S. London house, to let furnished. 5 gns. BRI. 7860.

3 GNS. Colourful study-bedroom with b/fast. W/loo 10 mins. VAN. 5478.

GOLDERS Green. Comf. two-room flatlet, own cooking facils. £3 p.w. SPEedwell 7576, evenings/weekends.

CONGENIAL atmosphere. Music/lit. ints. Lge sgle rm £3. HAM. 8109 aft. 3 p.m.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

LAW student – Indian (f.) requires board lodging in quiet house. Box 11562.

LADY doctor, studying, requires flat or large room, preferably unfurnished, Gower St area. Badgers Mount 278.

YNG newly-wed grad. research stud. and teacher req. s/c. flat 2 rms, max. 30 mins Aldwych. ACO. 5118 aft. 6 p.m.

ARCHITECTURAL stud. f. needs unf./part furn. room, ckg facs, bath, easy reach Bedford Sq. Term time only. Box 11528.

ADULT student requires small self-contained flat/bed-sitter; furnished or semi-furn, end Oct. Pref. Kensington, Holland Pk, Hampstead area. Miss Erith, Rockels, Duddenhoe End, Saffron Walden, Essex.

HAVE you a flat to share with young advertising man, graduate? SW1, SW3, SW7, W1. Box 11519.

LADY sks large furn./unf. b/sit. or studio, ckg facs, bath. Lond. Box 11501.

YNG cple urg. req. 3 rms, k. & b., s/c unf. Cent. Would decorate. Box 11362.

PROFESSIONAL gentleman and wife require this month quiet well-furn. s/c flat in Wimbledon/Barnes/Richmond area. One bdrm, recep., dng/kitch., bthrm. C.h.w. desirable. Max. 6 gns. Please write E. P. Tench, 2 Kensington Hall Gdns, W14.

PROFESSIONAL man seeks comfortable small self-contained furnished flat, central, convenient City. Box 11454.

PROPERTIES TO LET

FULLY furnished, warm, three-bedroomed house by the sea, to let for winter months. Easy housekeeping, sunniest climate in Britain, or golf, suitable for long leaves, retired, or contemplative workers with children. Easy access London. Special rates poor intellectuals. Apply Hudson's Bay, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, or FLAxman 2039.

TO let till end of May. Two furnished cottages in lovely position 3 miles from Swanage, Dorset. Near village and buses. Electric light and power; main water but no main drainage. 35s & 25s. wk. Box 11456.

PRIMITIVE Cotswold cottage available until April. Lovely views, paradise artists, writers, lovers wanting solitude. 30s. p.w. Write 4 Tivoli Road, Cheltenham.

FURNISHED House, beautiful Sussex village. Sleep 4-6. Modern convs. Avail. October to April. 4 gns wkly. Box 11520.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Box Office: Tel.: COVent Garden 1066

THE ROYAL BALLET

Season opens 19 Oct. with world première of John Cranko's 'Antigone'. Programme available. Booking now open.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

Season opens 28 Oct. with Un Ballo in Maschera. Rep. incl.: Boris Godunov, Der Rosenkavalier. Programme available. Booking now open.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672
OPERA SEASON
Evenings at 7.30

13, 15, 21 & 23 Oct. Andrea Chenier
14, 17 & 22 Oct. Don Giovanni
16 & 24 Oct. The Flying Dutchman
20 Oct. Madam Butterfly

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8 (ex. Mn) St, Sn. 5, 8. Marriage of Mr Mississippi. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Now in its 3-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. Evgs 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. Th. 2.30. Sean O'Casey's 'Cock-A-Doodle Dandy'. 'Most stimulating theatrical evening'—Daily Mail.

TOWER. 7.30 Oct. 9, 10, 11 (mems) and 15, 16, 17, Ustinov's 'The Love of Four Colonels'. Box offices CAN. 3475 (9-6) and CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. A Rocket for the Governor. Comedy. Fri. St. Sn. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ICA, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Tuesday, 13 October, 8.30. Works for flute & piano: Boulez, A. Goehr. Works for violin & piano: Webern, Skalkottas. Songs: Schönberg, Eisler. Artists: Rosemary Phillips, Rainer Schilicia, Paul Collins, Susan Bradshaw, Paul Hamburger. Tickets: 5s. at the door.

GUITAR Society Recital, Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1. Mon. 12 October, 8 p.m. 3s 6d at door.

SCHUBERT Society Orchestra. Vacancies all instruments, especially strings. Prelim. meeting Marylebone Institute, Conway Street, NW1, 21 Oct., 7.30 p.m. Further details Brockless, 11 Connaught Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, SW11. BAT. 7227.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Art Films Prog. in colour Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Utrillo.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Russian Film Season. Until 11 Oct: Quiet Flows The Don (A). From 12 Oct: The Forty-First (U).

ROXY. BAYswater 2345. W/comm. 11 Oct., 7 days. 'Summer Wind Blows' (X). Swedish. 'Street of Shame' (X). Japanese.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Buddy Kaye Quartette. Today Sat., 10 Oct., 8-11 p.m. Mems 3s., their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Christmas Cards now ready from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1, 12 Ganymed subjects in colour, 6 Dürer drawings, 6 Bewick Woodcuts 1s. 6d. each. Details available.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Place': A Environment of Paintings by Robyn Denny, Ralph Rumney, Richard Smith. Until 24 October. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free. Library: Homage to Marcel Duchamp.

KAPLAN Gallery, 'Tinguely' Meta-Matics from 15-31 Oct., 6 Duke St, St. James's.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. It is Alcopley it is! The New York painter. 7 to 24 October. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints. Julian Trevelyan – The Malta Suite. 7 Cork St, W1. 10-1, Sats 10-6. REG. 3660.

NUDES of Jean Straker—Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

NEW Towns Exhibition. Royal Academy Galleries, Piccadilly, W1. Open daily 9-17 October. Weekdays 10-5 p.m., Suns. 2-6 p.m. Adm. free.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. (GER. 3529.) Paul Millichip—new pntgs.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Paintings – John Bratby. Until 17 Oct.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5. Admission free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Paintings and Aquatints by Soulages: Recent paintings by Paul Feiler. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes 30 Oct.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Keith Vaughan – Gouaches. Carl Plate – Pntgs, David Wynne – Sculpture. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

FREE Painters' Group, until 24 October. Woodstock Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1 (MAY. 4419), 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond St, W1, 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Road, W14. Exhibition of Early English Water Colours (Cox, Cotman, De Wint, Varley), from Lord Clwyd's collection. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 7 p.m., Saturdays 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., to 17 October.

SWISS Industrial Architecture: RIBA, 66 Portland Place, W1. Till 17 October, Mon.-Friday, 10-7; Sat. 10-5. Ad. free.

HEAL'S Craftsman's Market. Slipware & Maiolica by Maureen Koppenhagen and David Eeles of the Shepherd's Well Pottery. 14-31 October.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Kasimir Malevich 1878-1935. Opens 15 October. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

FROM Hodler to Klee: Swiss Art of the Twentieth Century. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 1 Nov. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Picabia – First London Exhibition. Opening 15 October. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 14 November. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

WADDINGTON Galleries: recent paintings Kate Nicholson. 10-6. Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Emilio Greco: Recent Sculpture. Wkdays 10-5, Sats 10-1. Closing 17 Oct.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Henghes – Sculpture. To 17 October. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

R. PALME DUTT
on
'DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM IN INDIA'

Plenty of time for questions. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Friday, 16 October, 7.15 p.m.

'The Lessons of Kerala', price 3d., available from all progressive bookshops.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch-hour lectures, 1.15-2 p.m. 13 Oct. 'A. E. Housman: Scholar and Poet.' by Professor O. Skutsch; 15 Oct. 'Sensations and Stimuli', by Dr H. Kalmus. Admission free. Details of public lectures from Publications Officer (send stamped envelope).

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Charles Dickens and the Age of Naturalism' will be delivered by Professor H. Reinhold (Berlin) at 5.30 p.m. on 19 October at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

'PROBLEM of Co-existence,' and 'Disarmament and World Peace'. Two lects by Swami Avyaktananda, Sats, 10 and 24 Oct., 7.30. Vegetarian Restaurant, 12 Earl's Ct Rd.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'The 50's'. Peter Smithson: 'The Revolution in Architectural Thinking since 1950'. Illustrated. Thursday, 15 October, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Philip Skelsey, 'Should children read "The Times"?', Wed. 14 October 7.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

'THE Archives Testify' will be shown at the New Jewish Society Meeting on Wed., 14 October, at 8 p.m. The New Chiltern Rooms, 83 Chiltern Street, London, W1.

SCR Events: Wed. 14 Oct – Russian lecture. Fri. 16 Oct. – Esthonia Today by Mrs Virginia Soermus. 7.30 p.m. at 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Adm. 1s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Socy. Tues. 13 Oct. 7.15, Burgh House, Flask Walk, NW3. J. B. Coates, 'Humanism & the Communist Challenge'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun, 11 October, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'The Future of Humanism': David Tribe.

IWC London Branch. Fri., 16 Oct., 8.30, 'Vinoba Bhave', Mr D. G. Groom, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. Public Lecture. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON Schools Left Club Autumn Series: 'After the Election – where do we go?'. Fri. 9 Oct., Alan Lovell, 6 p.m. 7 Carlisle St, Soho Sq. All Schools students welc.

MANCHESTER Left Club. Wed. 14 Oct., 7.45, Thatched House. John Rex: 'Crisis in Central Africa'.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. Fri. 9 Oct., 8 p.m., The Hon. Richard Hare: 'European Capital of Russia' (illus. slides). Fri. 16 Oct., 8 p.m., Dr G. Adamovitch: 'Rosanov – Lit. Critic and Thinker' (in Russian). At 46 Ladbroke Grove, Tues. 13 Oct., 8 p.m., Mrs A. Boutkovsky: 'Reminiscences of Brodiachaya Sobaka' (in Russian).

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc., Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues, 7.15 p.m., 13 Oct. Dr E. A. Seeley, 'Ethics and Technology'.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, Sun., 11 a.m. 11 Oct. Archibald Robertson, MA, 'History as Science and Art'. Write for free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture Wed., 14 Oct, 6.30: 'Gradual Progress Towards Liberation', Ven. Vimalo Bhikkhu (English Sangha). Also Saturday Group, 17 Oct., 3 p.m. (discussion followed by tea – open to all). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Inf. TAT. 1313.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Mukhyananda at Centre, Tues. 13 Oct., 7.30, Discourse, Swami Mukhyananda, Thurs, 15 Oct., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Self of Man'.

'PREPARATION for Death', Public Lecture Sun. 11 Oct., 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

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